

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP--TOPS in THRILLS!

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP



No 8
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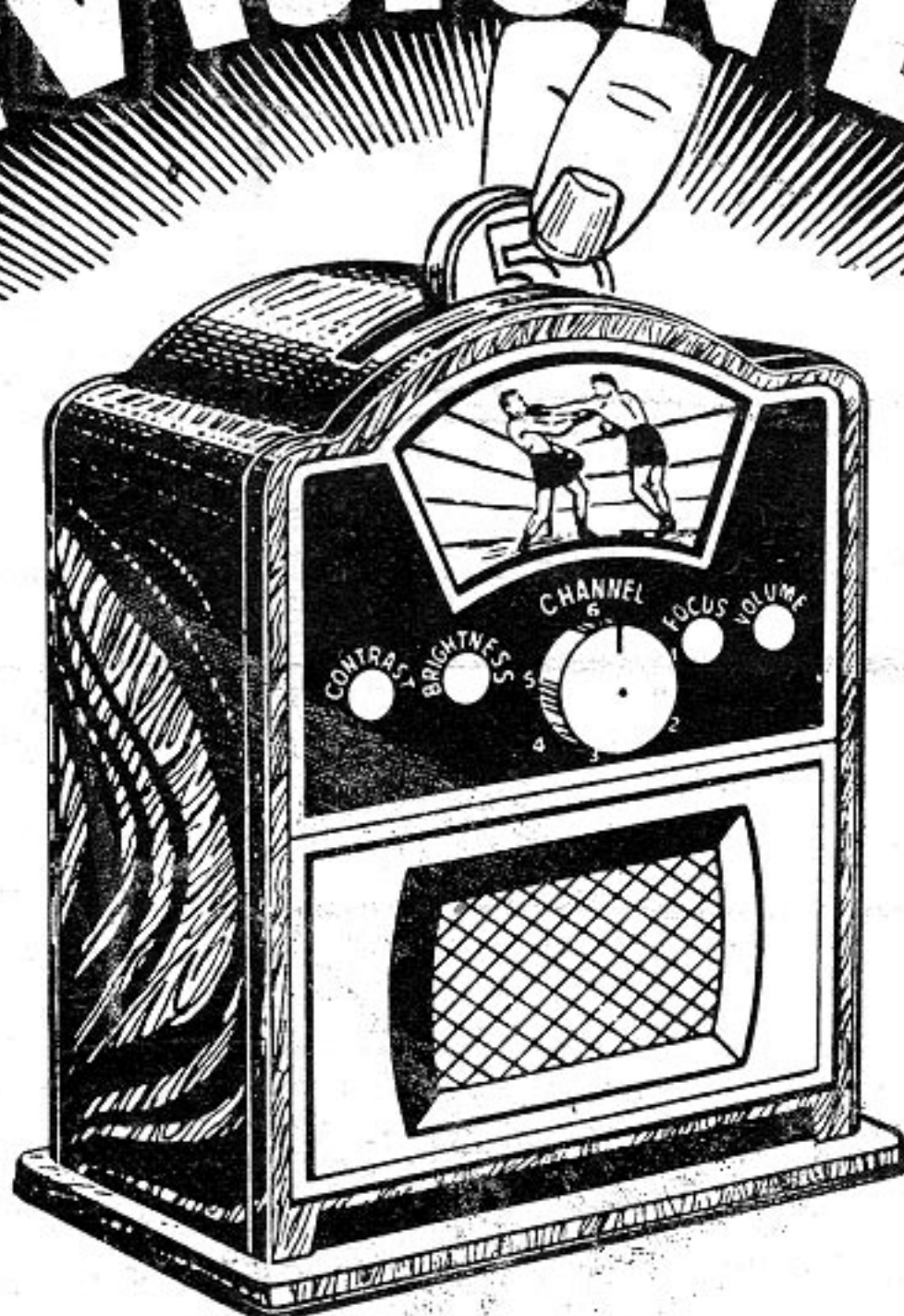
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THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP! LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



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\$1.98**

**COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!**

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY" — AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

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**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
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☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name (Please Print Plainly)

Street

City Zone State

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

Danny Danger



"YUP, THAT'S ME, **DANNY DANGER** ... FALLING HARD FOR A DAME AGAIN! THIS TIME, IT WAS A GAL WHO LURED ME INTO ONE OF THE TOUGHEST CASES IN MY CAREER AS A PRIVATE EYE...A CAREER THAT WAS ALMOST CUT SHORT BY LEAD AND BY LIONS! AND SINCE, IN MY RACKET, A GUY CAN MEET SUDDEN DEATH IN A LOT OF UNPLEASANT WAYS... YOU'D BETTER LEND AN EAR TO MY LATEST ADVENTURE WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT!"

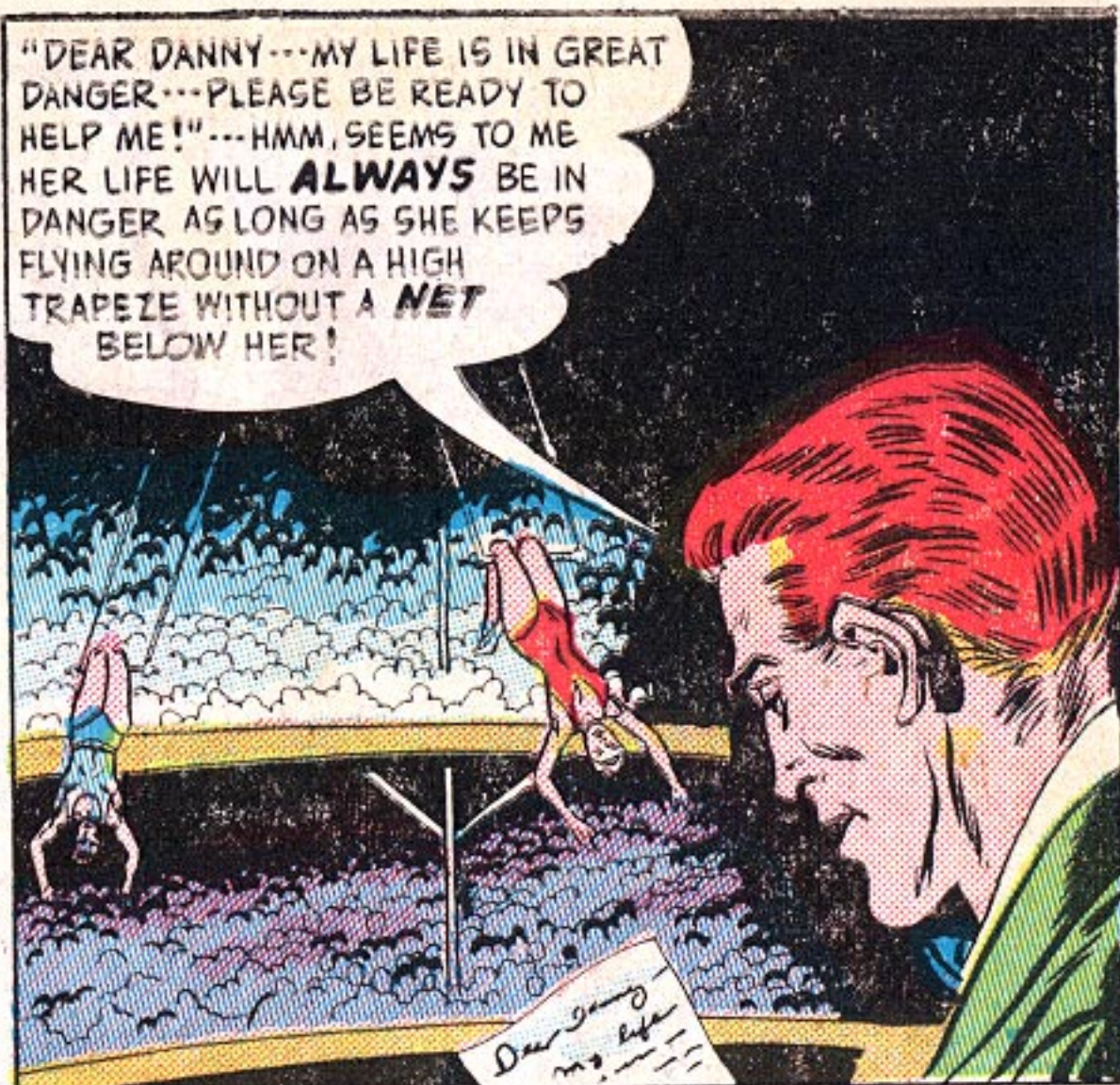
"**IT** ALL STARTED THE DAY I RECEIVED A PIN-UP PICTURE IN MY MORNING MAIL...ALONG WITH A NOTE THAT READ..."

"DEAR **DANNY DANGER**...I'VE READ ABOUT YOUR CASES WITH GREAT INTEREST, AND SAVED YOUR PICTURES. AS A TOKEN OF MY ADMIRATION, I'M ENCLOSED A PASS TO THE OPENING PERFORMANCE OF THE **GAILEY CIRCUS** AT THE GARDEN, WHERE I APPEAR AS A TRAPEZE ARTIST. I'M ALSO ENCLOSED A PICTURE OF MYSELF TO INDUCE YOU TO COME TONIGHT...IF YOU NEED ANY PERSUADING! SIGNED... **ZANDRA**..." **WOW...** THAT PICTURE IS ALL THE PERSUASION I NEED!

"**ZANDRA'S** PASS ADMITTED ME TO THE BEST BOX-SEAT IN THE GARDEN...AND AS SOON AS I GOT THERE, THE LIGHTS DIMMED AND **BARNABAS GAILEY** HIMSELF, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE CIRCUS WORLD, CAME OUT TO INTRODUCE THE ACTS!"

AND NOW, OUR STELLAR PERFORMANCE...THAT DEATH-DEFYING DUO, THOSE DARE-DEVILS OF DANGER... **RUDOLFO AND ZANDRA!**





"**Y**UP, IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN OLD GRAVEL-VOICED, GRAVEL-FACED INSPECTOR GRAVEL OF THE HOMICIDE BUREAU, MY FLAT-ARCHED ARCH COMPETITOR!"

I GOT AN EMERGENCY CALL THAT THERE WAS EITHER AN ACCIDENT OR A MURDER AT THE CIRCUS---BUT NOW THAT I SEE **YOU'RE** HERE, DANGER, I **KNOW** IT WAS MURDER!

IT PROBABLY **WAS**, GRAVEL--- BUT ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS THAT I AND ZANDRA HERE ARE IN THE CLEAR!

"**J**UST THEN---"

THE SHOW'S GOTTA GO ON--- EVEN WITHOUT RUDOLFO! THINK YOU'RE UP TO IT, ZANDRA?

I---I THINK I CAN PULL MYSELF TOGETHER ENOUGH TO GO ON ALONE---IT'LL MAKE GOOD PUBLICITY TO HAVE ME CARRY ON SO SOON AFTER RUDOLFO'S HORRIBLE DEATH!

GOOD GIRL! I WAS THINKING OF THAT MYSELF, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D HAVE THE NERVE TO GO ON RIGHT AFTER SUCH A TRAGEDY!

THAT'S **COURAGE** FOR YOU, GRAVEL!

YEAH---OR HEARTLESSNESS! SHE MIGHT'VE KILLED HER PARTNER JUST SO SHE COULD GO ON ALONE AND HAVE THE PUBLICITY ALL TO HERSELF!

"**I** DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO ANSWER GRAVEL'S CRACK, BECAUSE THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AND I WAS ALL WRAPPED UP IN WATCHING ZANDRA ZOOM THROUGH THE AIR ON THE PERILOUS HIGH TRAPEZE! THEN---SOMEONE TOOK A CRACK AT **HER**!"

OH-HH! IT JUST--- MISSED!

BANG!

SOMEONE SHOT AT ZANDRA--- **THAT** OUGHT TO PROVE SHE'S IN THE CLEAR! COME ON, GRAVEL--- THE SHOT CAME FROM BACK THERE!

RIGHT WITH YOU--- **OWWW!**

BANG!

"**I** SAW GRAVEL GO DOWN---AND I DOVE AT THE SHADOWY FIGURE IN THE DARKNESS WHERE THE SHOTS HAD COME FROM!"

THAT---THAT SHOT JUST CREASED ME! I'D BETTER GET UP AND HELP DANNY!

POW! SOK!

"**I** FELT MY FIST SINK WRIST-DEEP INTO FLESH---AND FOLLOWED UP BY SEIZING A THROAT IN A STRANGLEHOLD!"

I'VE **GOT** 'IM! PUT THE LIGHTS ON--- **QUICK!**



"BUT WHEN THE LIGHTS CAME ON..."

LET...LET ME GO, YOU NUMBSKULL!

GRAVEL!
AND TO THINK I HAD THE **REAL** KILLED UNTIL YOU BARGED IN!

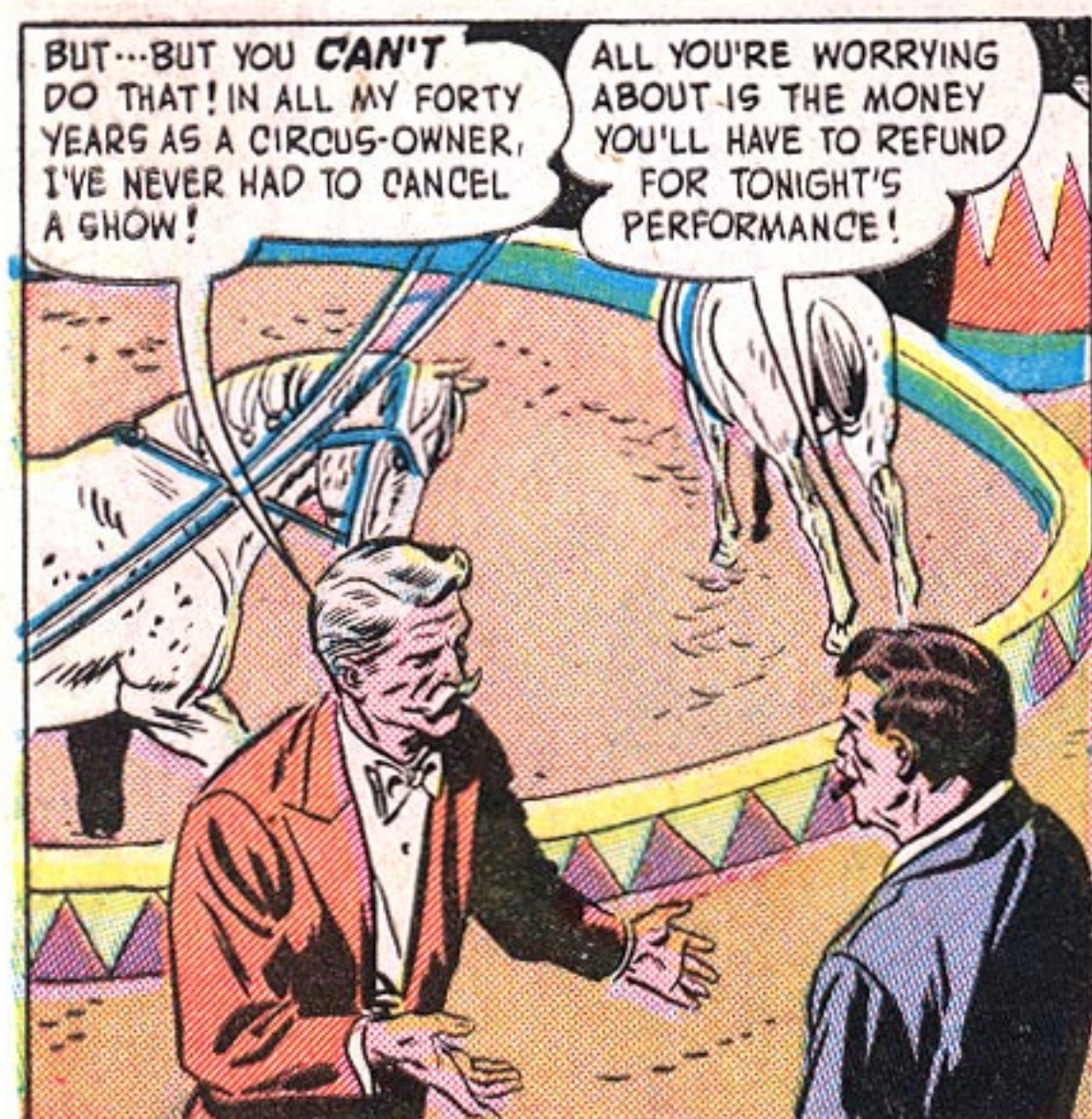
I TRIED STOPPING HIM TOO...BUT HE GOT AWAY FROM ME AND ESCAPED INTO THE CROWD!



OH, YEAH? WHO ARE **YOU**...AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE IN THE PERFORMERS' RING?

I **AM** A PERFORMER IN THIS CIRCUS! I AM **ZORRO THE GREAT...MASTER MIND-READER AND HYPNOTIST!**

NO ONE'S GONNA PERFORM ANYMORE TONIGHT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH MURDEROUS ATTEMPTS FOR ONE NIGHT...I'M CLOSIN' THE SHOW DOWN!



BUT...BUT YOU **CAN'T** DO THAT! IN ALL MY FORTY YEARS AS A CIRCUS-OWNER, I'VE NEVER HAD TO CANCEL A SHOW!

ALL YOU'RE WORRYING ABOUT IS THE MONEY YOU'LL HAVE TO REFUND FOR TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE!



THAT'S NOT TRUE! THE CIRCUS HAS ALREADY NETTED ME MILLIONS...MORE THAN I'LL EVER NEED, BECAUSE I HAVE NO FAMILY TO LEAVE MY MONEY TO! AS A MATTER OF FACT, MY WILL PROVIDES THAT ALL MY MONEY AND THE CIRCUS ITSELF GO TO MY FAVORITE PERFORMERS IN THIS CIRCUS! NOW THAT HE'S DEAD, I CAN REVEAL THAT **RUDOLFO** WAS ONE OF MY HEIRS!

NOW WE HAVE A **MOTIVE** FOR HIS MURDER! MAYBE ONE OF YOUR HEIRS IS PLANNING TO KILL OFF ALL THE OTHERS, GAILEY...SO THAT **HE'LL** INHERIT EVERYTHING WHEN YOU DIE! WHO ARE THE OTHERS...IS **ZORRO** ONE OF THEM, FOR EXAMPLE?



NO, **ZORRO** **ISN'T** ONE OF THEM! BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO MY HEIRS ARE...BECAUSE IF YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE KILLER BEING AFTER THEM, REVEALING THEIR NAMES MIGHT ENDANGER THEIR LIVES! NO ONE BUT MY TRUSTED LAWYER EVER SAW MY WILL...AND NO ONE EVER WILL UNTIL I DIE!



HMM...BUT IF **RUDOLFO** WAS MURDERED, THEN MAYBE SOMEONE **DOES** KNOW WHO'S NAMED IN THE WILL! I'VE GOT TO TRY TO FIND OUT WHO **GAILEY'S** HEIRS ARE, BEFORE THE KILLER KNOCKS THEM OFF ONE BY ONE! THE CIRCUS BILLBOARDS OUGHT TO TELL ME WHO **GAILEY'S** FAVORITE PERFORMERS ARE...BECAUSE THOSE ARE THE ONES WHO WILL PROBABLY HAVE THE BIGGEST SPACE AND BILLING!

RUDOLFO, ZANDRA AND MAGNUS GOT TOP-BILLING! **THEY** MUST HAVE BEEN GAILEY'S FAVORITES! THAT EXPLAINS WHY ZANDRA WAS SHOT AT--- MAGNUS PROBABLY WANTED HER AND RUDOLFO OUT OF THE PICTURE SO **HE** WOULD INHERIT THE CIRCUS AND GAILEY'S MILLIONS! THINK I'LL PAY A VISIT TO THAT LION-TAMER---AND SEE IF I CAN **TAME HIM** INTO A CONFESSION!

GAILEY starring **RUDOLFO & ZANDRA** TRAPEZE ARTIST

MAGNUS the LION-TAMER AND HUNDREDS OF DEATH-DEFYING PERFORMERS

DON'T BOTHER READING MY MIND, ZORRO---JUST TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND MAGNUS!

I JUST SAW HIM GO DOWN TO THE LION ENCLOSURE! TRY **THERE**---UNLESS YOU'RE **FRIGHTENED!**

GAILEY'S SHOW

HEY, MAGNUS---WAIT UP! I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT!

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO COME IN **HERE** AND TALK TO ME ABOUT IT---WHILE I'M EXERCISING THESE LIONS! DON'T BE AFRAID OF 'EM---THEY WON'T ATTACK YOU---UNLESS THEY'RE SUDDENLY **STARTLED** BY SOMETHING!

SHOOT---WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

MURDER! MAGNUS, I'M ACCUSING YOU OF---

A **TEAR-GAS GRENADE!**

THE LIONS---THAT EXPLOSION WILL SEND 'EM INTO A FRENZY!

BLAM!

YAAGHH!

I---I CAN'T SEE A THING, BUT THEY MUST BE CLAWING HIM TO PIECES! I'LL TRY FIRING MY GUN AND SCARING THEM AWAY---SO I CAN FIND MAGNUS AND DRAG HIM OUT OF HERE!

BANG! BANG!

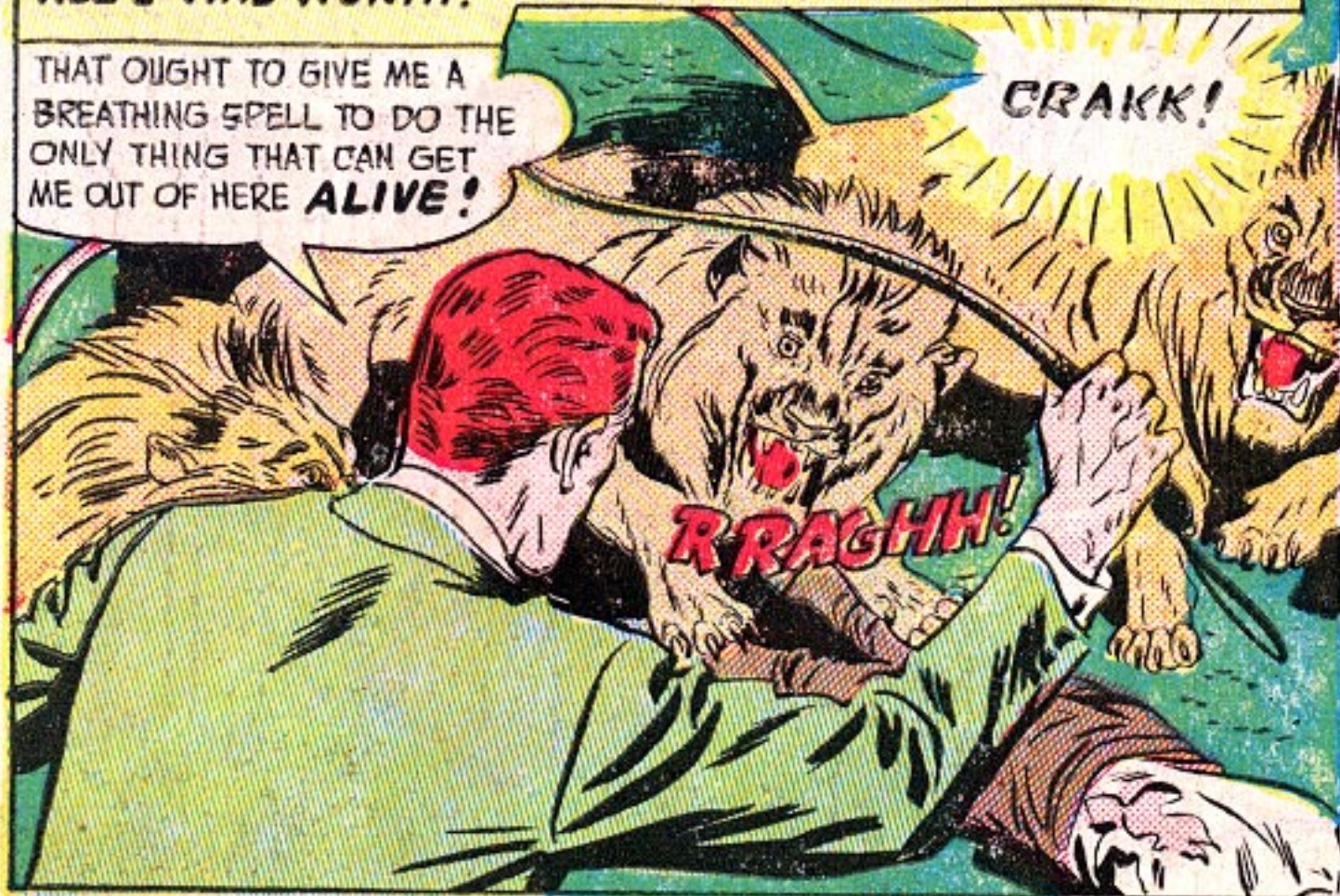
"I COULD TELL BY THE SOUND OF THEIR SNARLS THAT THE ENRAGED LIONS WERE BACKING AWAY FROM MY PISTOL SHOTS! STILL FIRING, I GROPED AROUND ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAGE WITH MY FREE HAND UNTIL I FOUND MAGNUS' BODY! BUT THEN, JUST AS I WAS DRAGGING HIM TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE I THOUGHT THE DOOR OUGHT TO BE---"

HUH? SOMEONE CLOSED THE DOOR ON US---**LOCKING US IN HERE!**

CLANG!

"MY GUN WAS EMPTY BY THAT TIME, AND I KNEW I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO RELOAD BEFORE THE LIONS MADE ANOTHER RUSH! DESPERATELY, I FUMBLING AROUND ON THE FLOOR, FOUND MAGNUS' WHIP... AND CRACKED IT FOR ALL I WAS WORTH!"

THAT OUGHT TO GIVE ME A BREATHING SPELL TO DO THE ONLY THING THAT CAN GET ME OUT OF HERE **ALIVE!**

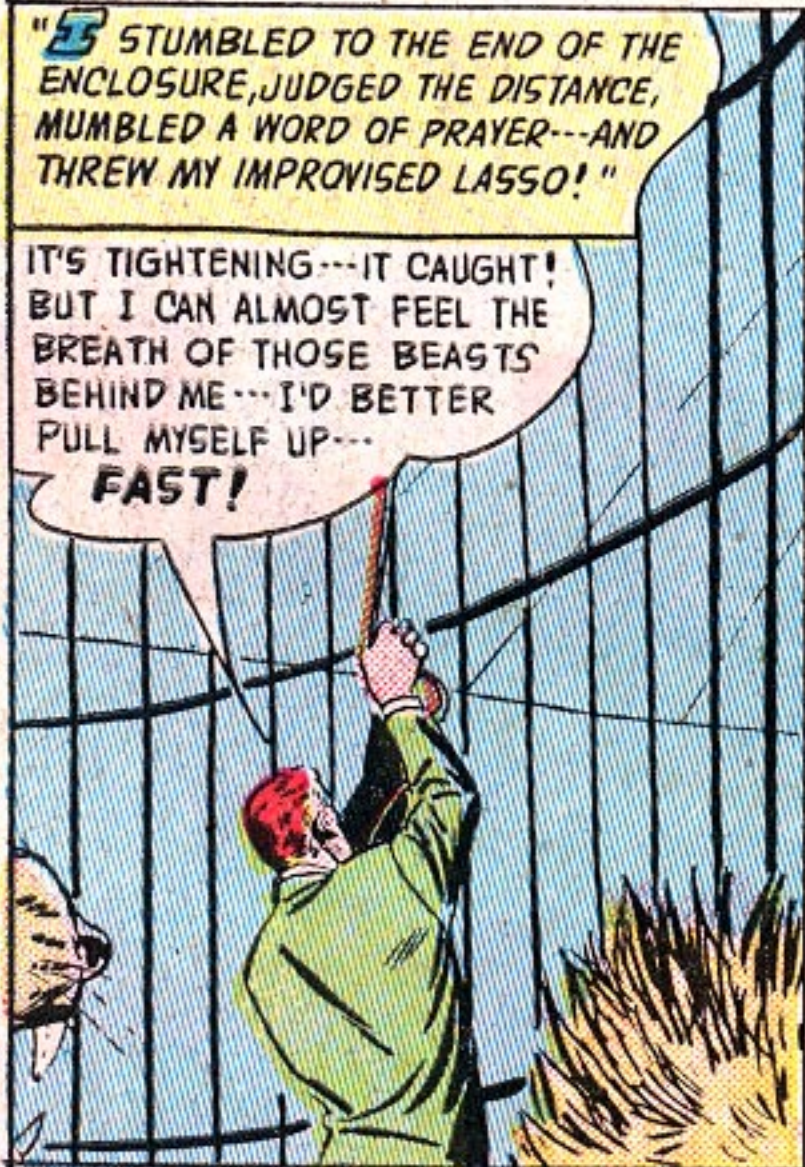


THE UPRIGHT BARS OF THE ENCLOSURE ARE FORKED AT THEIR UPPER ENDS... I'VE GOT TO MAKE A NOOSE AT THE END OF THIS WHIP, TRY TO LASSO ONE OF THOSE FORKED SPEARS... AND THEN PULL MYSELF UP! BUT THAT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY WITH THE TEAR-GAS STILL BLINDING ME!

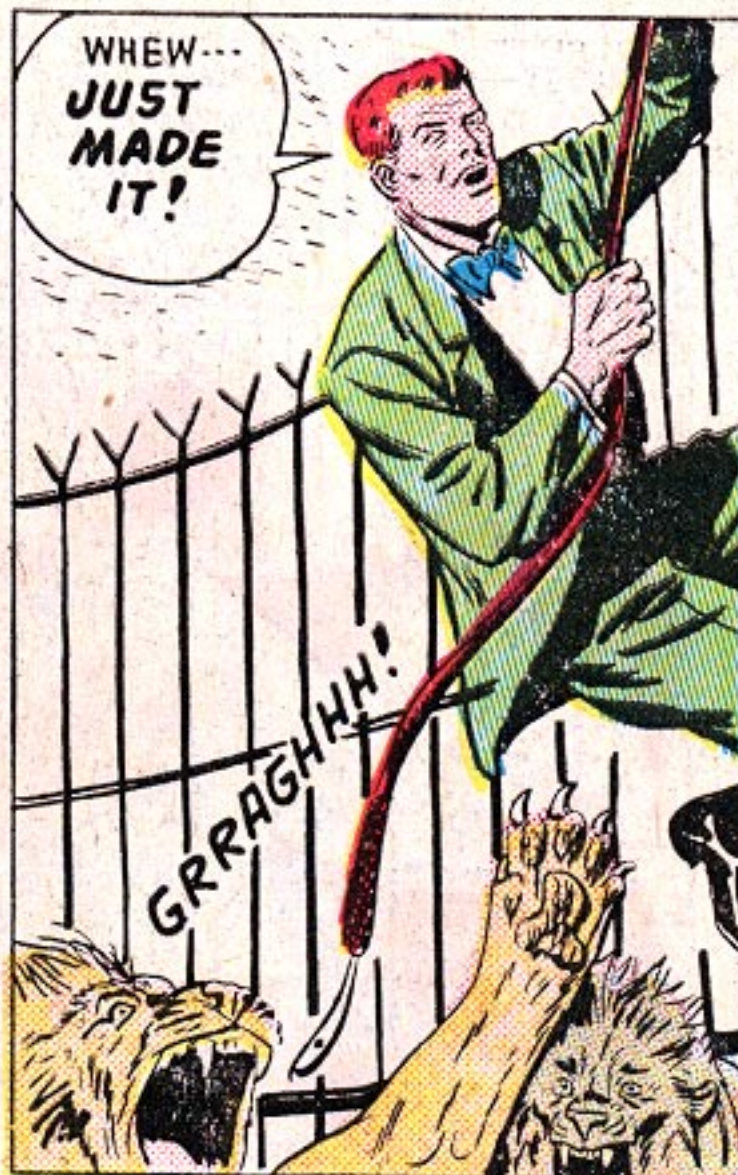


"I STUMBLED TO THE END OF THE ENCLOSURE, JUDGED THE DISTANCE, MUMBLED A WORD OF PRAYER... AND THREW MY IMPROVISED LASSO!"

IT'S TIGHTENING... IT CAUGHT! BUT I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE BREATH OF THOSE BEASTS BEHIND ME... I'D BETTER PULL MYSELF UP... **FAST!**



WHEW... **JUST MADE IT!**



I HEAR SOMEONE RUNNING TOWARD THE BARS! I'M STILL BLINDED FROM THE TEAR GAS, BUT I'LL BET MY BOTTOM DOLLAR THAT IT'S THE MURDERER, COMING BACK TO MAKE SURE THE JOB IS FINISHED! WELL, HERE'S WHERE I SURPRISE **HIM!**

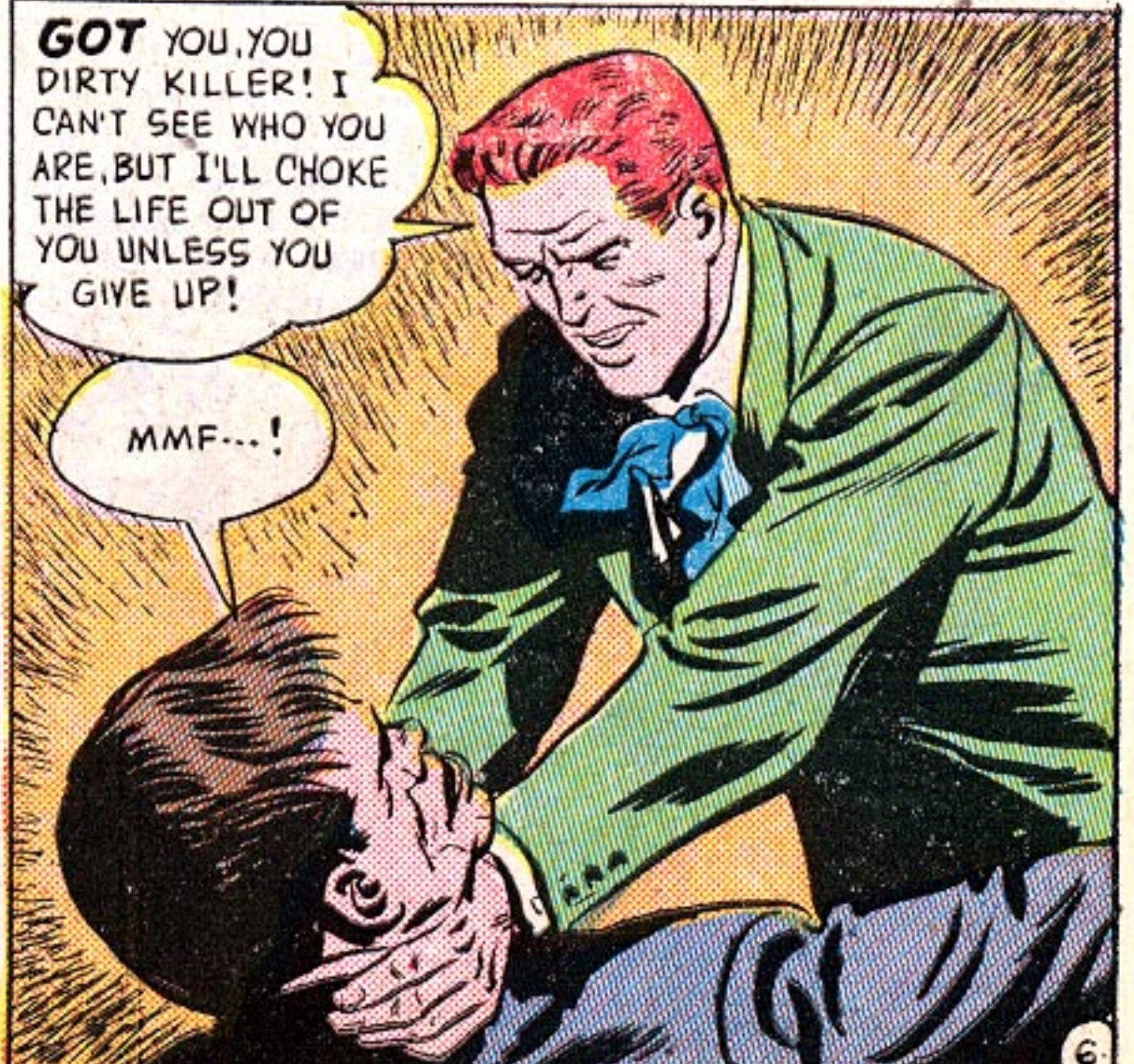


"I TIMED MYSELF BY THE STEPS OF THE RUNNING MAN, AND WHEN I JUDGED HE WAS JUST BELOW ME..."



GOT YOU, YOU DIRTY KILLER! I CAN'T SEE WHO YOU ARE, BUT I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU UNLESS YOU GIVE UP!

MMF...!



"MINUTES LATER, WHEN CIRCUS ROUSTABOUTS HAD PULLED US APART..."

BLAST YOU, DANGER, I... I'LL HAVE YOUR **LICENSE** FOR THIS! I WAS JUST RUNNING OUT HERE TO INVESTIGATE THOSE SHOTS WHEN YOU JUMPED ME AND ALMOST **KILLED ME!**

IT WAS JUST A MISTAKE... I COULDN'T SEE, AND THOUGHT **YOU WERE THE KILLER!**

YEAH... IT'S A MISTAKE THAT'LL COST YOU TEN YEARS IN THE STATE PEN FOR ASSAULTING AN OFFICER OF THE LAW! **YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, DANGER!**

SORRY I CAN'T OBLIGE, GRAVEL! THE MURDERER'S STILL ON THE LOOSE, AND HE MAY BE USING ALL THIS COMMOTION AS A COVER-UP TO STRIKE AGAIN! AND I HAVE A HUNCH HIS **NEXT VICTIM WILL BE OLD MAN GAILEY!**

"WITH GRAVEL HOT ON MY HEELS, I RAN TO GAILEY'S CIRCUS-CAR OFFICE... WHERE I LOOKED THROUGH THE WINDOW AND SAW..."

...YES, YOU ARE THE GREATEST SWORD-SWALLOWER IN THE WORLD, GAILEY... YOU WILL NOW PLUNGE THE SWORD SWIFTLY INTO YOUR THROAT!

I... I AM THE GREATEST SWORD-SWALLOWER... I WILL NOW PLUNGE THE SWORD INTO MY THROAT...!

"I KNEW INSTANTLY WHAT WAS HAPPENING... ZORRO HAD HYPNOTIZED GAILEY AND WAS TRYING TO KILL HIM OFF WHILE MAKING IT LOOK LIKE SUICIDE! BUT I KNEW HIS PLOT WOULD FAIL IF I COULD MAKE HIM TEAR HIS EYES AWAY FROM GAILEY'S... AND THEREBY BREAK THE HYPNOTIC TRANCE! AND I KNEW JUST HOW TO MAKE HIM DO **THAT!**"

ZORRO... YOU KILLER!

YOU! SO YOU ESCAPED FROM THOSE LIONS... BUT I WON'T LET YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!

OH... WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHERE AM I?

THAT'S IT, GAILEY... DROP THE SWORD! THE SPELL'S BROKEN... AND NOW I'LL TRY MY OWN SPELL ON THIS VULTURE!

UGH!

SOK!

THERE'S YOUR KILLER, GRAVEL!

MY GUN WENT OFF... IT GOT HIM!

POW!

BANG!

SO **THIS** WAS THE KILLER, EH? WELL, NOW THAT **HE'S** DEAD, I GUESS THIS CLOSES THE CASE!

NOT BY A LONG SHOT, GRAVEL! I'M SURE THAT ZORRO WASN'T ON GAILEY'S LIST OF HEIRS, SO HE HAD NOTHING TO GAIN BY KILLING HIM... UNLESS ZORRO WAS IN WITH SOMEONE WHO **WOULD** INHERIT GAILEY'S FORTUNE AND CIRCUS! AND I KNOW WHO THAT SOME-ONE IS... **SO COME ON!**

WHY, DANNY-BOY, HOW NICE OF YOU TO COME AND VISIT ME!

THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL CALL, BABY! I'M HERE TO ACCUSE YOU OF MURDERING RUDOLFO, OF BEING AN ACCESSORY BEFORE AND AFTER THE FACT TO THE MURDER OF MAGNUS, AND OF BEING A CO-CONSPIRATOR IN THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF OLD MAN GAILEY!

YOU WANTED ME TO BE AT THE CIRCUS WHEN YOU MURDERED RUDOLFO BECAUSE YOU KNEW I WAS A SUCKER FOR A PRETTY DAME, AND YOU FIGURED I'D STICK UP FOR YOU IN CASE ANY SUSPICION FELL YOUR WAY! YOU NEVER RECEIVED ANY NOTE THREATENING YOUR LIFE...AND **YOU** LOOSENED YOUR TRAPEZE BAR SO RUDOLFO WOULD DIE WHEN HE GRABBED FOR IT! AND IT WAS **ZORRO** WHO FIRED THOSE PHONEY SHOTS AT YOU TO MAKE US BELIEVE YOUR STORY! ZORRO IS A HYPNOTIST AND MIND-READER...AND **HE** WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD'VE HYPNOTIZED GAILEY INTO REVEALING WHO HIS HEIRS WERE!

ZORRO WAS YOUR PARTNER IN CRIME! AFTER HE FOUND OUT THAT MAGNUS, RUDOLFO AND YOU WOULD INHERIT GAILEY'S CIRCUS AND FORTUNE, YOU BOTH DECIDED TO KILL OFF RUDOLFO AND MAGNUS SO THAT YOU TWO WOULD HAVE ALL OF IT! ZORRO TRIED TO KILL ME AS WELL AS MAGNUS IN THE LION CAGE, BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID I WAS BEGINNING TO GET TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH...BUT IT DIDN'T WORK, AND HE'S **CONFESSED TO EVERYTHING!**

SO HE'S CONFESSED, EH? WELL, NEITHER OF YOU WILL LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REPORT THAT CONFESSION!

SHE...SHE'S GOT A GUN!

YOU MEAN, SHE **HAD** A GUN! SORRY TO HAVE TO BUST YOUR HAND LIKE THAT, HONEY, BUT YOU WON'T NEED IT TO TIE YOURSELF INTO THE ELECTRIC-CHAIR...SOMEONE WILL DO THAT **FOR** YOU!

OWWW!

BANG!

"**LATER...**"

BUT ZORRO DIDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO CONFESS, DANGER...SO HOW **DID** YOU FIGURE IT ALL OUT?

IT WAS SIMPLE, GRAVEL! AS SOON AS I SAW ZORRO TRYING TO KILL GAILEY, I KNEW THAT THAT WOULD BE THE LAST MURDER! YOU SEE, THE MURDERER WOULDN'T KILL GAILEY AND TAKE A CHANCE ON THE NEW HEIR MAKING OUT ANOTHER WILL...UNLESS THE NEW HEIR WAS IN WITH THE MURDERER! AND SINCE ZANDRA WAS THE ONLY REMAINING HEIR, I FIGURED SHE **HAD** TO BE ZORRO'S ACCOMPLICE...AND I FIGURED EVERYTHING OUT FROM THERE! IT TOOK **BRAINS**, GRAVEL...BUT THAT'S SOMETHING YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT!

DANNY DANGER SLUGS HIS WAY THROUGH ANOTHER PERIL-PACKED ADVENTURE...IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END! 8



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WHEATIES

"Breakfast of Champions"

"Wheaties" and
"Breakfast of
Champions"
are registered
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Jungle POISON

BANG!

Rodney paused along the dense jungle trail as he heard the pistol shot sound ahead of him. Then, when the shot wasn't repeated, he cautiously and silently stole along the trail, rifle in hand, until he came upon the white man who was bending over the coppery-skinned native lying on the ground. One glance told Rodney that the white man's tattered and muddy clothes were the kind issued to the inmates of the British Guiana prison some thirty miles away...and since only the most ruthless killers and renegades were ever sent there, Rodney knew the kind of man he had to deal with.

"Drop your gun and stand up!" Rodney commanded. "And don't try anything...because I've got a rifle pointed at your back!"

For an instant, the man froze into immobility. Then, apparently deciding against any resistance, he dropped his pistol and stood up slowly, turning to glare at Rodney as he did so.

Rodney grinned easily at him. "Ah, from the description I was given, you're the leader of those cut-throats who broke out of Guiana prison a couple of days ago!"

"You're not one of the prison guards...I know 'em all," the man grated out. "So who the devil are you?"

"Just an American hunter trying his luck in the Guiana jungles. I passed a couple of the prison guards searching for you and your confederates yesterday, and they told me about the prison break. Said there was a big reward out for your recapture...so I guess I'm in luck. But I'll get more if I capture your whole gang...so where are the rest of your pals hiding out?"

The man sneered. "Try and find 'em yourself!"

Rodney shrugged and glanced down at the native lying dead on the ground. "Hmm, I see you were taking his knife and poisoned darts...that means you and your pals didn't escape with too many weapons. But you're lucky he didn't get you with one of those darts, because these Macusi natives tip them with *curare*...one of the deadliest

poisons known. If even a dab of it ever got into you, you'd be dead within three minutes!"

Still keeping the man covered, Rodney slipped his knapsack off his shoulders and tossed it to the escaped convict. "But let's forget about him...I'm starved! You'll find some rations in that knapsack...start building a fire and cook something up for me, and some for yourself. Then, as soon as we've eaten, we're heading back for the prison...and my reward!"

While the convict worked over the fire, preparing the food, Rodney leaned back against the bole of a jungle tree and relaxed, holding the rifle casually in his hands. Ten minutes later, the convict said, "Okay, here's your hash...and I hope you choke on it!"

"Get away from the fire and lie down on your stomach while I'm eating," Rodney ordered. "My rifle will be right next to me, and I'll be able to reach it before you can get up...so don't try anything."

The convict sullenly obeyed. But after three mouthfuls of the rations, Rodney suddenly clutched his throat and rolled over on his back, convulsions wracking his body. Hearing the gasping sounds behind him, the convict grinningly got up and picked up Rodney's rifle and his own pistol. Then he paused for a moment to look down at the writhing figure on the ground.

"Ha," the convict said, "too bad you didn't see me mix that hash with some of those poisoned darts. I'll let you die in agony...while I bring your rifle back to the cave where my men are hiding out!"

But as soon as the convict had disappeared into the jungle shrubbery, Rodney leaped silently up, took a pistol from inside his shirt, and began stealthily following the convict. "Too bad you didn't know that *curare* has to enter the blood stream to be an effective poison," Rodney thought. "Swallowing some of it can just make you a little sick...but not as sick as you'll be when I follow you to the cave and capture your whole gang!"

TYPHOON TYLER

BLAST IT, TYPHOON, BANJERMASIN IS THE FIRST QUIET TOWN WE'VE HIT IN YEARS... I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO ENJOY THE PEACE OF IT ALL, WHEN **YOU** DECIDE WE'VE GOT TO PACK UP AND LEAVE!

IT'S **TOO** PEACEFUL HERE, CHARLIE... WE HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE GOOD SCRAP SINCE WE'VE BEEN IN THIS BORNEO FLEA-TRAP! AND WHAT'S MORE, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A SINGLE PRETTY GAL IN THE WHOLE TOWN... SO THIS IS NO PLACE FOR **ME!**

THAT'S TYPHOON TYLER! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW... AND YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT **CONVINCING!**

BORNEO... ISLAND OF HEAD-HUNTERS AND HEART-THROBS, OF DIAMONDS AND DEATH... **THAT'S** THE NEXT PORT-OF-CALL FOR **TYPHOON TYLER!** AND IF YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF **HIM**, BROTHER, THEN IT'S PLAIN YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE SOUTH SEAS... WHERE THE NAME OF TYPHOON TYLER IS THE PASSWORD TO **ADVENTURE!**

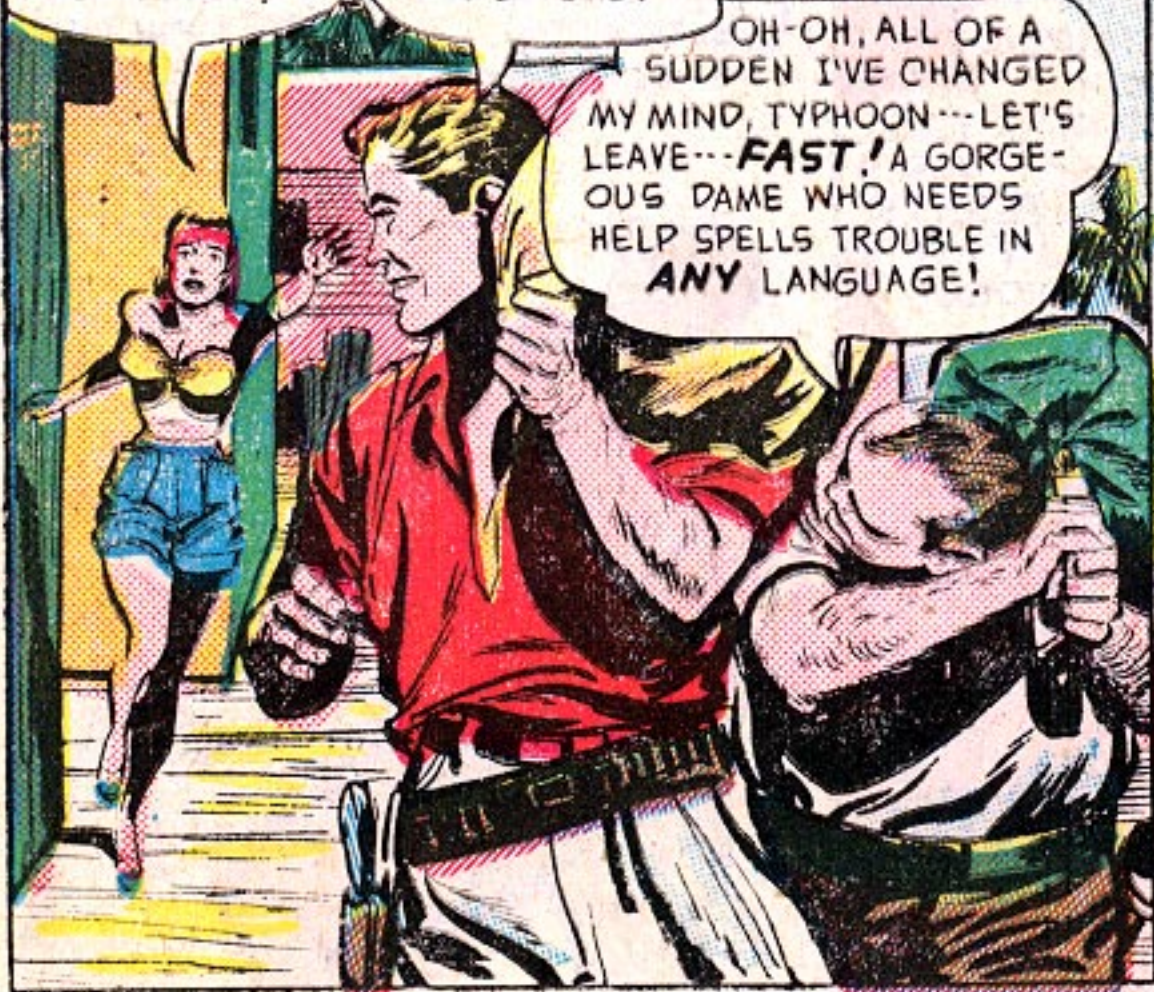
WAIT, MR. TYLER... I... I NEED YOUR HELP!

WOW... I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID ABOUT THERE BEING NO PRETTY GALS HERE!

OH-OH, ALL OF A SUDDEN I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, TYPHOON... LET'S LEAVE... **FAST!** A GORGEOUS DAME WHO NEEDS HELP SPELLS TROUBLE IN **ANY** LANGUAGE!

TROUBLE'S MY MIDDLE NAME... WHAT'S YOURS, MISS... ER...?

I'M ALICE PARKER, DAUGHTER OF THE OWNER OF THE CENTRAL BORNEO DIAMOND MINING COMPANY! AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, THE COMPANY'S MINES ARE DEEP IN THE INTERIOR, AND THE DIAMONDS HAVE TO BE FLOWN OUT! LAST WEEK MY FATHER TOOK OFF IN A PLANE FROM THE INTERIOR WITH OVER A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GEMS ABOARD... **BUT HE NEVER GOT HERE!** THE LAST RADIO MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM HIM WAS THAT THE PLANE WAS OUT OF CONTROL, CRASHING... AND I'D LIKE **YOU** TO HELP ME FIND HIM... IF HE'S STILL ALIVE!



HE WAS PROBABLY FOLLOWING THE BARITO RIVER DOWN TO THE COAST... AND IF YOU TAKE ME AND A PARTY OF FRIENDS UP RIVER IN YOUR BOAT TO FIND THE WRECKAGE, YOU'LL GET HALF OF THE DIAMONDS... \$500,000 WORTH! THE LAST RADIOED MESSAGE SAID THE PLANE WAS IN THE KUTI LAMA LAKE AREA... A REGION THAT'S NOTORIOUS FOR HEAD-HUNTERS, AND A PLACE WHERE NO WHITE MAN HAS EVER BEEN EXCEPT **YOU**, MR. TYLER!



DON'T DO IT, TYPHOON... DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER HER! ALMOST EVERY DAME WHO'S TRIED TO LURE YOU INTO AN ADVENTURE ENDED UP LEADING YOU INTO A TRAP OF SOME KIND... AND I DISTRUST THIS ONE EVEN **MORE** THAN THE OTHERS!

BUT MAYBE SHE'S **DIFFERENT**, CHARLIE! AND I THINK I KNOW JUST HOW TO FIND OUT WHETHER SHE'S ON THE LEVEL... BY LEARNING WHO HER FRIENDS ARE!... WHO'S COMING ALONG ON THE BOAT WITH YOU, HONEY?



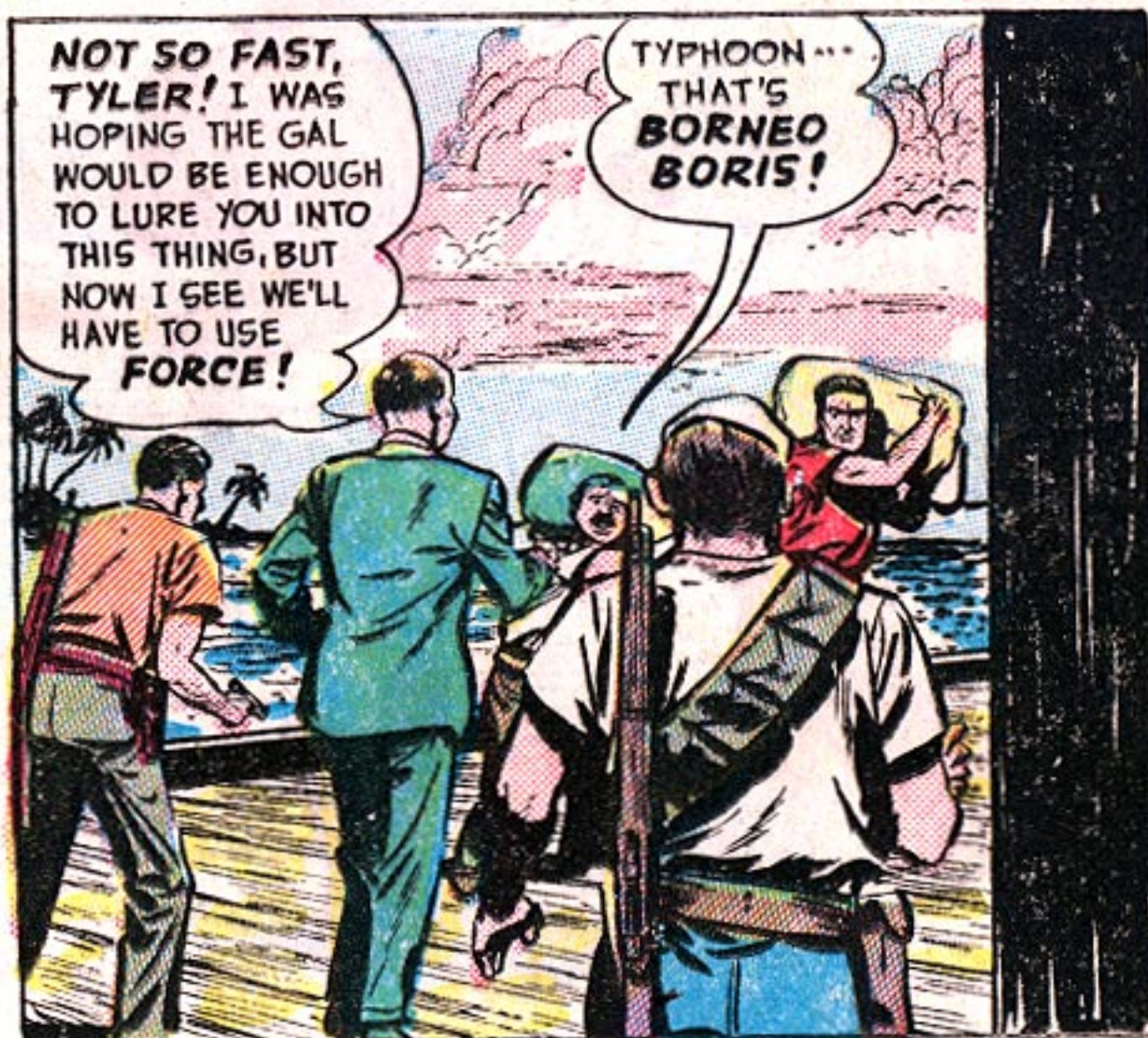
WELL, I... I THOUGHT THAT IF BORNEO BORIS AND SOME OF HIS MEN CAME ALONG TO HELP US...!

BORNEO BORIS... NOW I KNOW IT'S A TRAP! I COULD **NEVER** BE ON THE SAME SIDE AS THAT CUT-THROAT AND RIVER-PIRATE! COME ON, CHARLIE, YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT HER... LET'S PUSH OFF!



NOT SO FAST, TYLER! I WAS HOPING THE GAL WOULD BE ENOUGH TO LURE YOU INTO THIS THING, BUT NOW I SEE WE'LL HAVE TO USE **FORCE!**

TYPHOON... THAT'S **BORNEO BORIS!**



OOF!



I'LL GET TYLER... **OWWW!**

I'M INSULTED... DON'T YOU THINK **CUT-LASS CHARLIE** IS WORTH ANY ATTENTION?

YOU'RE WORTH **PLENTY**, MY FAT FOOL!

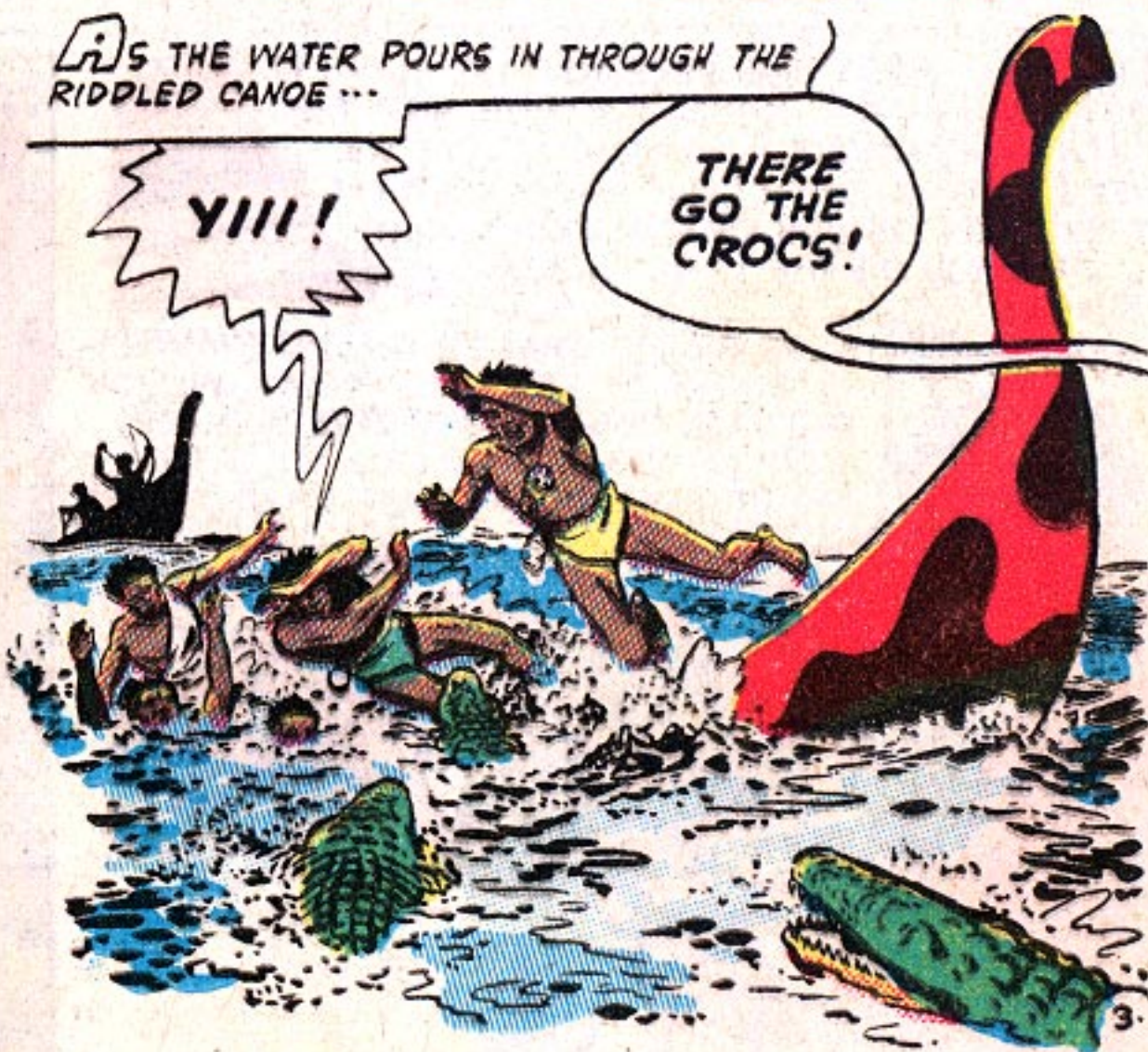
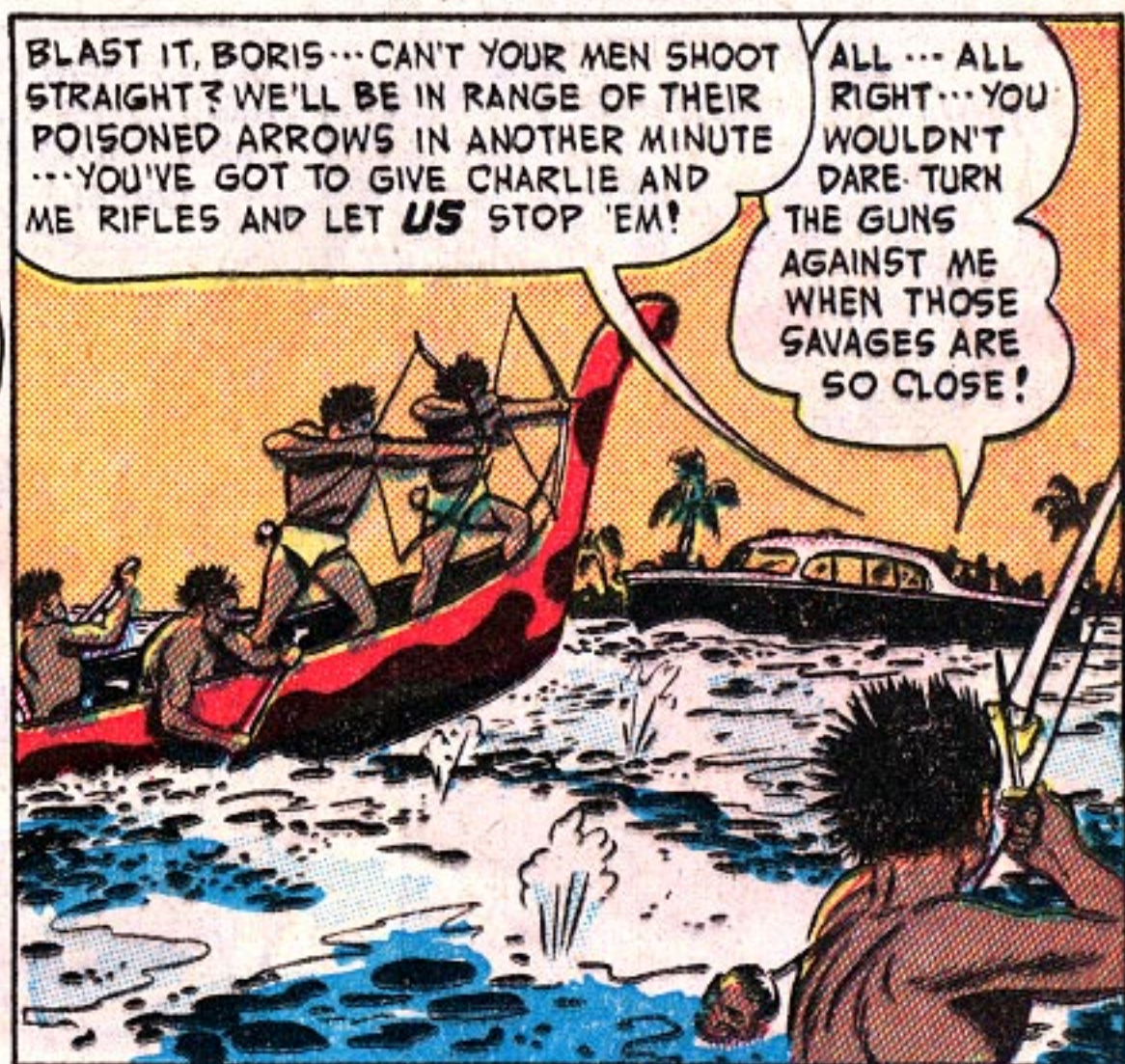
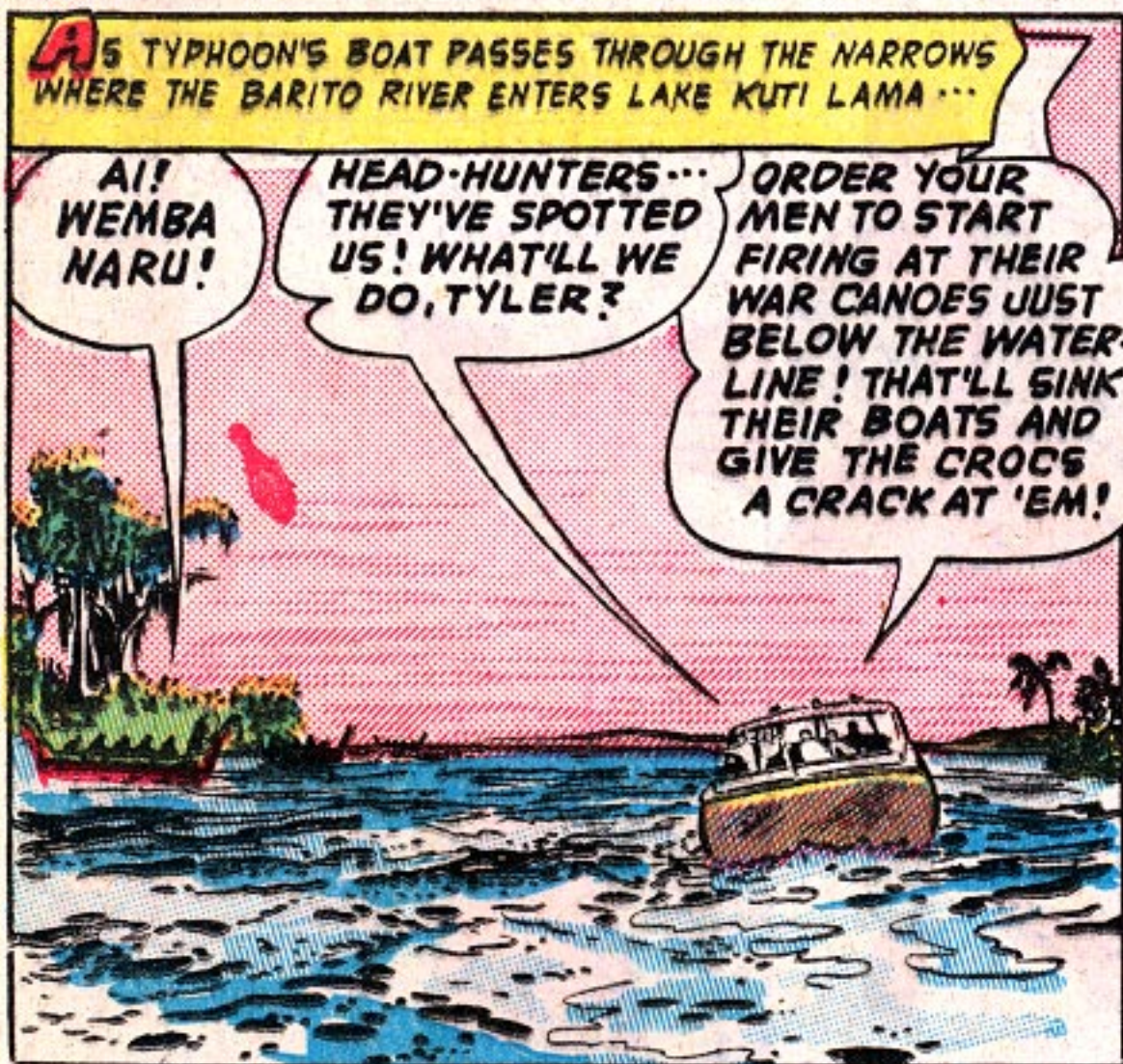
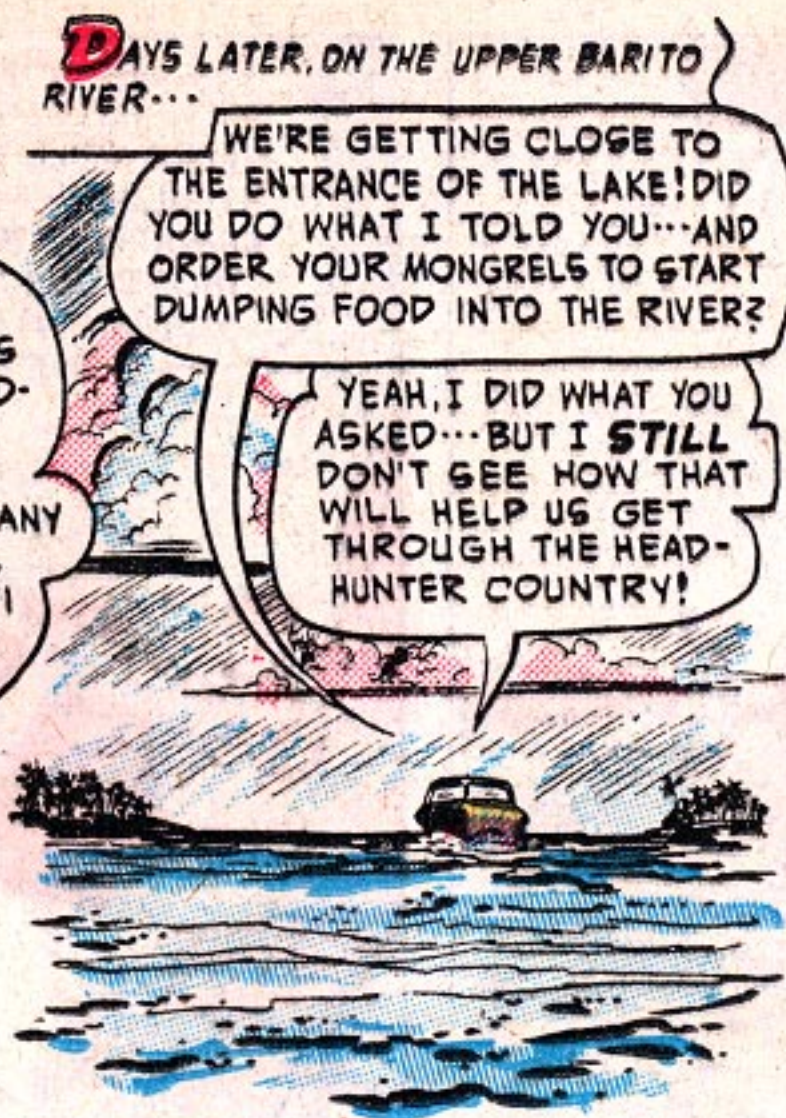


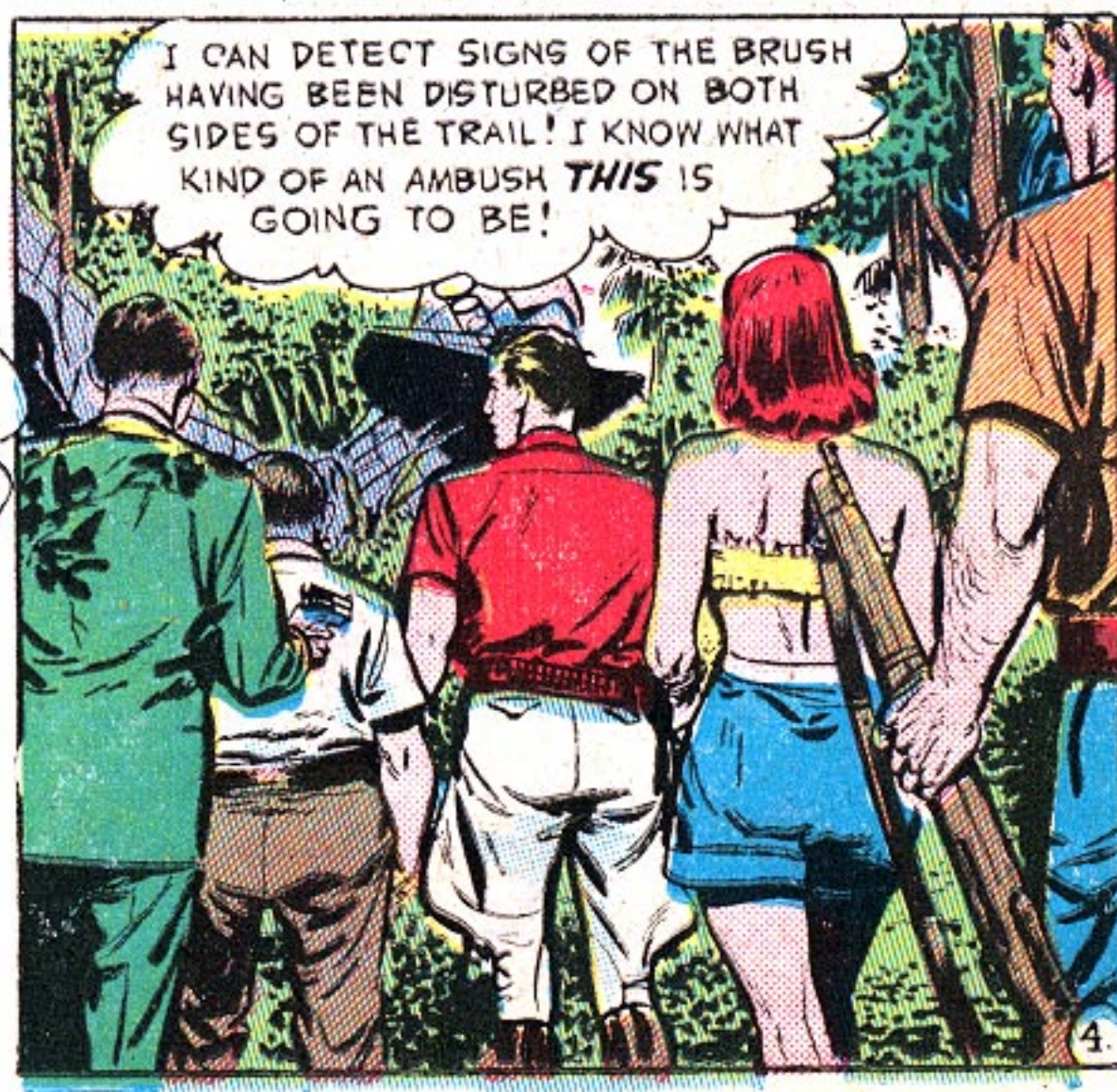
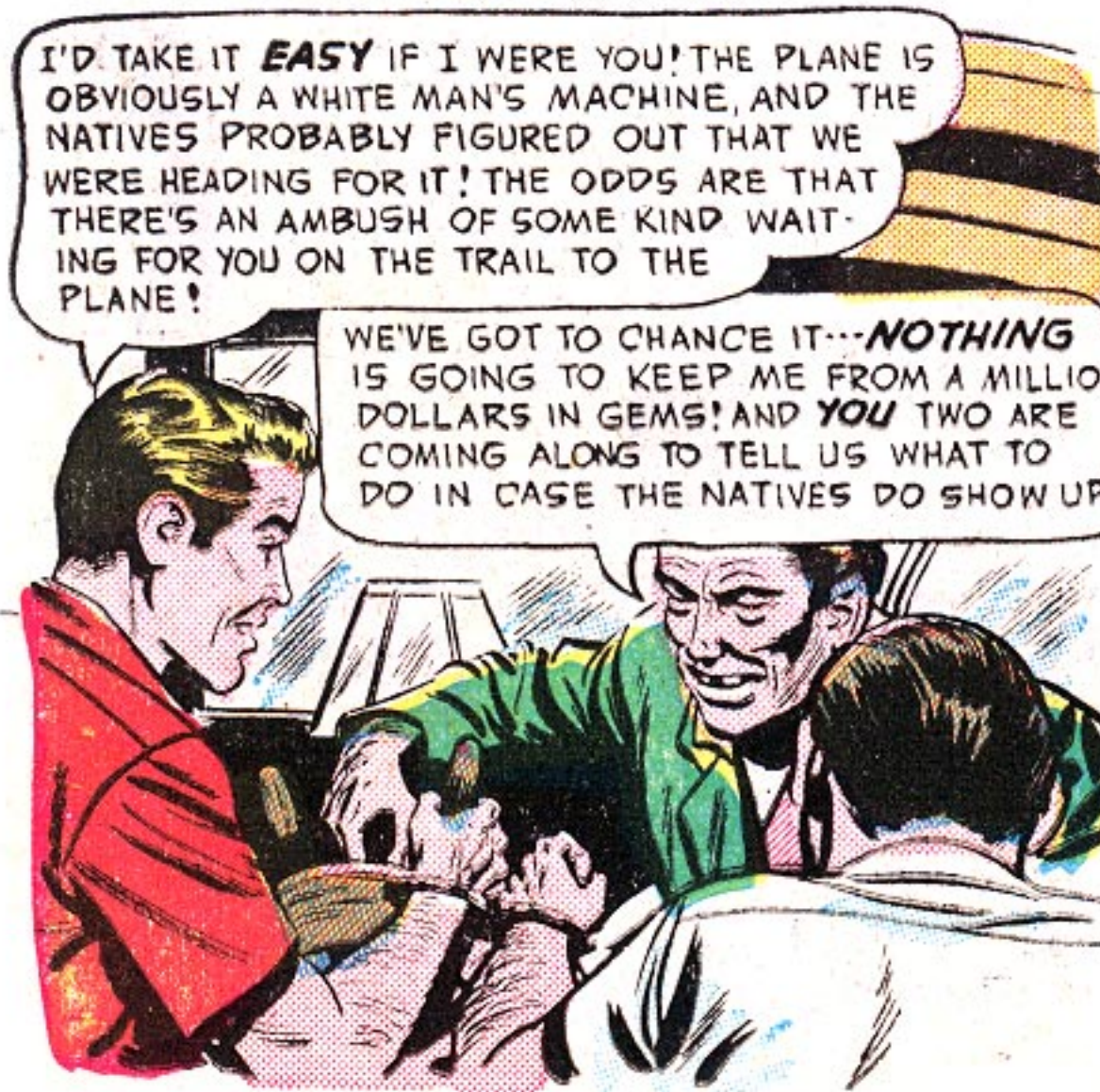
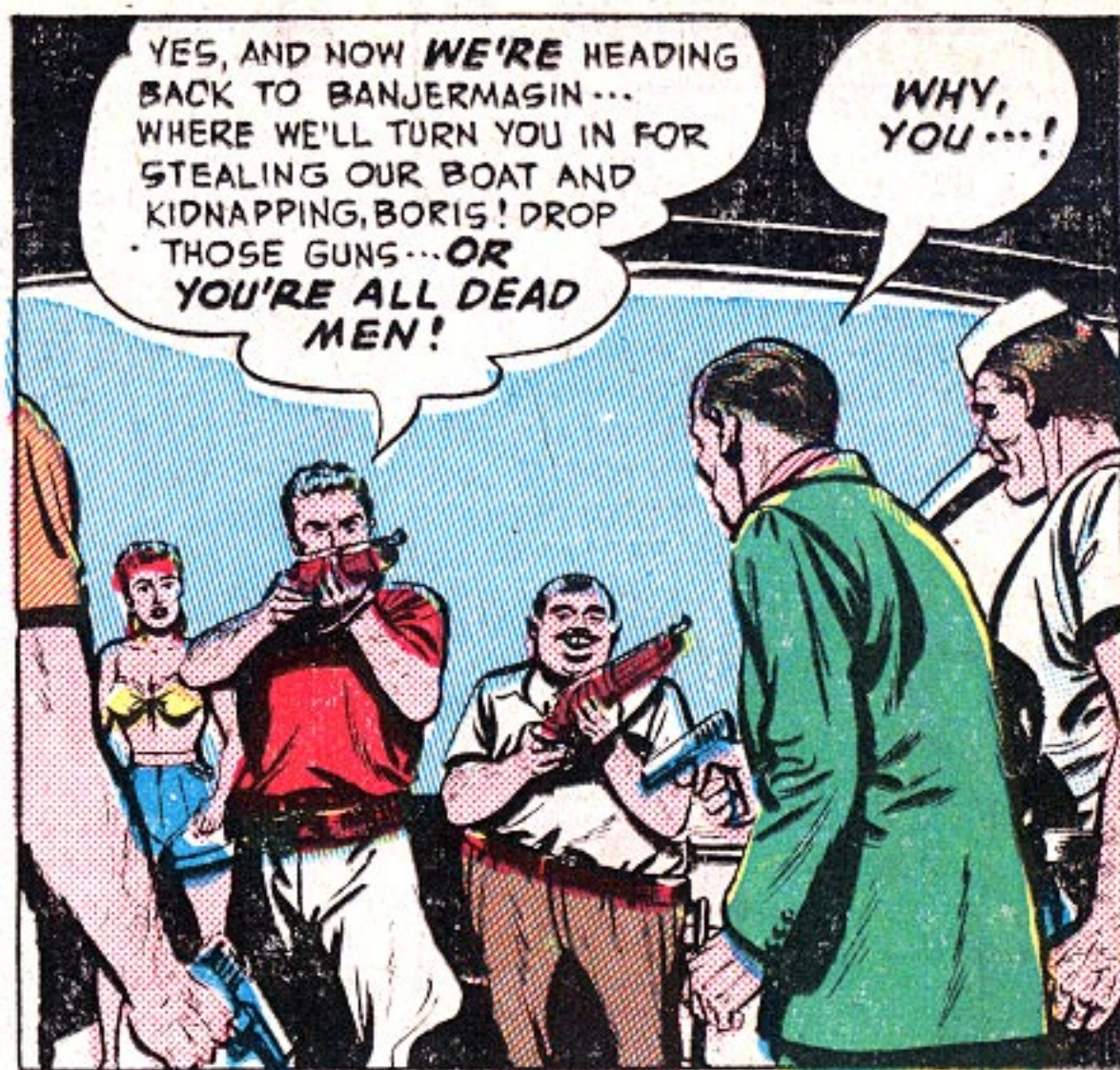
UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR PAL'S HIDE RIDDLED WITH BULLETS, TYLER, YOU'LL SURRENDER!

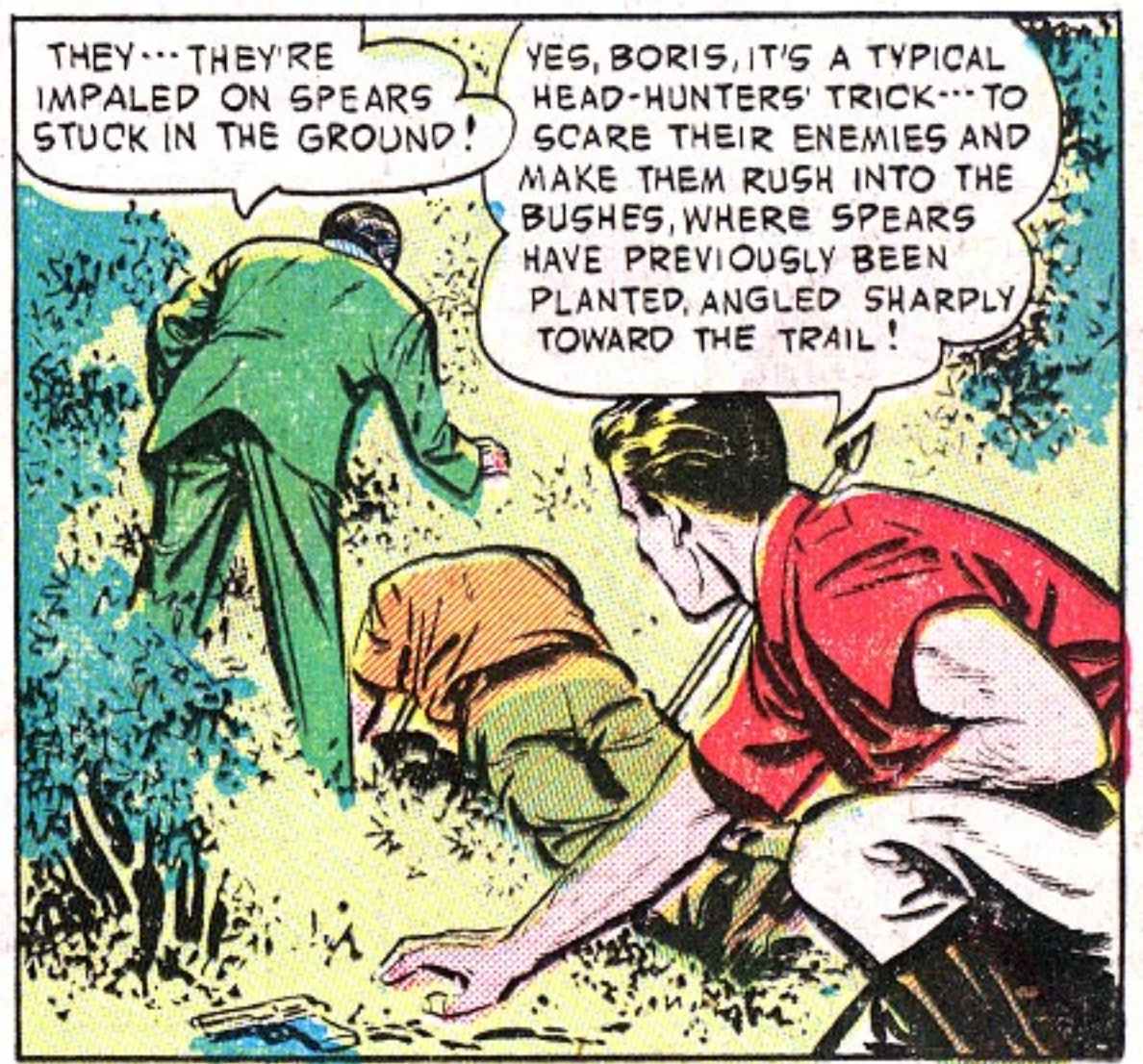
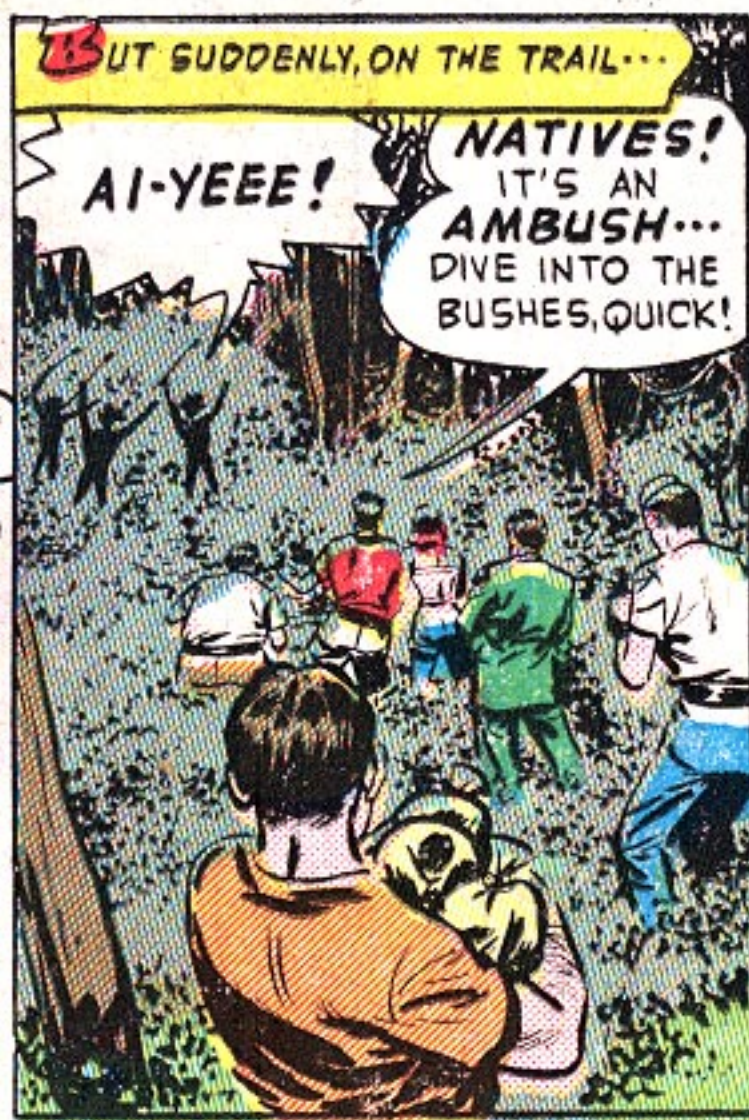
DON'T WORRY ABOUT **ME**, TYPHOON... LET 'IM HAVE IT!

NO, I... I CAN'T RISK YOUR LIFE, CHARLIE! YOU'VE GOT US, BORIS!









WE GOT THEM ALL...BUT THERE MUST BE A **REASON** WHY THERE WERE ONLY A HANDFUL OF NATIVES OUT HERE FOR THE AMBUSH! THEY OBVIOUSLY HOPED TO DECIMATE OUR PARTY, WHILE THE REST OF THEM ARE PROBABLY DOWN AT THE LAKE, LAYING A **REAL** TRAP FOR THOSE OF US WHO ESCAPED **THIS ONE! NONE** OF US WILL GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE UNLESS WE FORGET OUR PRIVATE FEUD AND WORK TOGETHER!

OKAY! I'M GOING TO START LUGGING THE DIAMONDS BACK TO THE BOAT...BUT AS SOON AS WE GET OUT OF HEAD-HUNTER COUNTRY, **LOOK OUT!**



WHY DON'T **WE** KNOCK HIM OFF NOW, TYPHOON... BEFORE HE GETS A CHANCE TO STAB **US** IN THE BACK!

I DON'T WORK THAT WAY, CHARLIE! BESIDES, I KNOW THESE NATIVES. AND WE'LL NEED EVERY HAND AND GUN TO HELP US GET PAST THEM!

OH-HH... LOOK!



GREAT SCOTT! IT'S A SHRUNKEN HEAD... A **WHITE MAN!**

IT'S...MY **FATHER!** THEY...THEY KILLED HIM...

OH, IF ONLY... IF ONLY I COULD DIE!

SHE'S HYSTERICAL... I'LL CARRY HER TO THE BOAT! HURRY UP AND GET THOSE DIAMONDS ON BOARD, BORIS... **WE'RE SHOVING OFF!**



LATER...

HEAR THOSE **NATIVE DRUMS?** THEY'RE SUMMONING EVERY HEAD-HUNTER WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES, CALLING THEM ALL DOWN TO THE LAKE...WHERE THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR US! SO YOU'D BETTER GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, GIRL...WE'LL NEED YOU!

I...I'M ALL RIGHT! ALL I WANT IS A GUN AND A CHANCE TO STRIKE BACK AT THOSE SAVAGES!



LOOK...WAR CANOES...**HUNDREDS** OF 'EM! BUT WHY ARE THEY HUGGING THE SHORE...WHY DON'T THEY ATTACK, TYPHOON?

THEY'RE PROBABLY WAITING FOR US TO REACH THE NARROWS WHERE THE LAKE EMPTIES INTO THE RIVER...THEY MIGHT HAVE SOME KIND OF AN OBSTRUCTION THERE TO STOP US, AND THEN THEY'LL SWARM TO THE ATTACK! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GO **FULL SPEED AHEAD**... TRY TO **FORCE** OUR WAY THROUGH!



AT THE NARROWS...

IT'S A CABLE OF TANGLED VINES... WE'RE HUNG UP ON IT!

YEAH...AND **HERE COME THE HEAD-HUNTERS!**





EE-YOW!

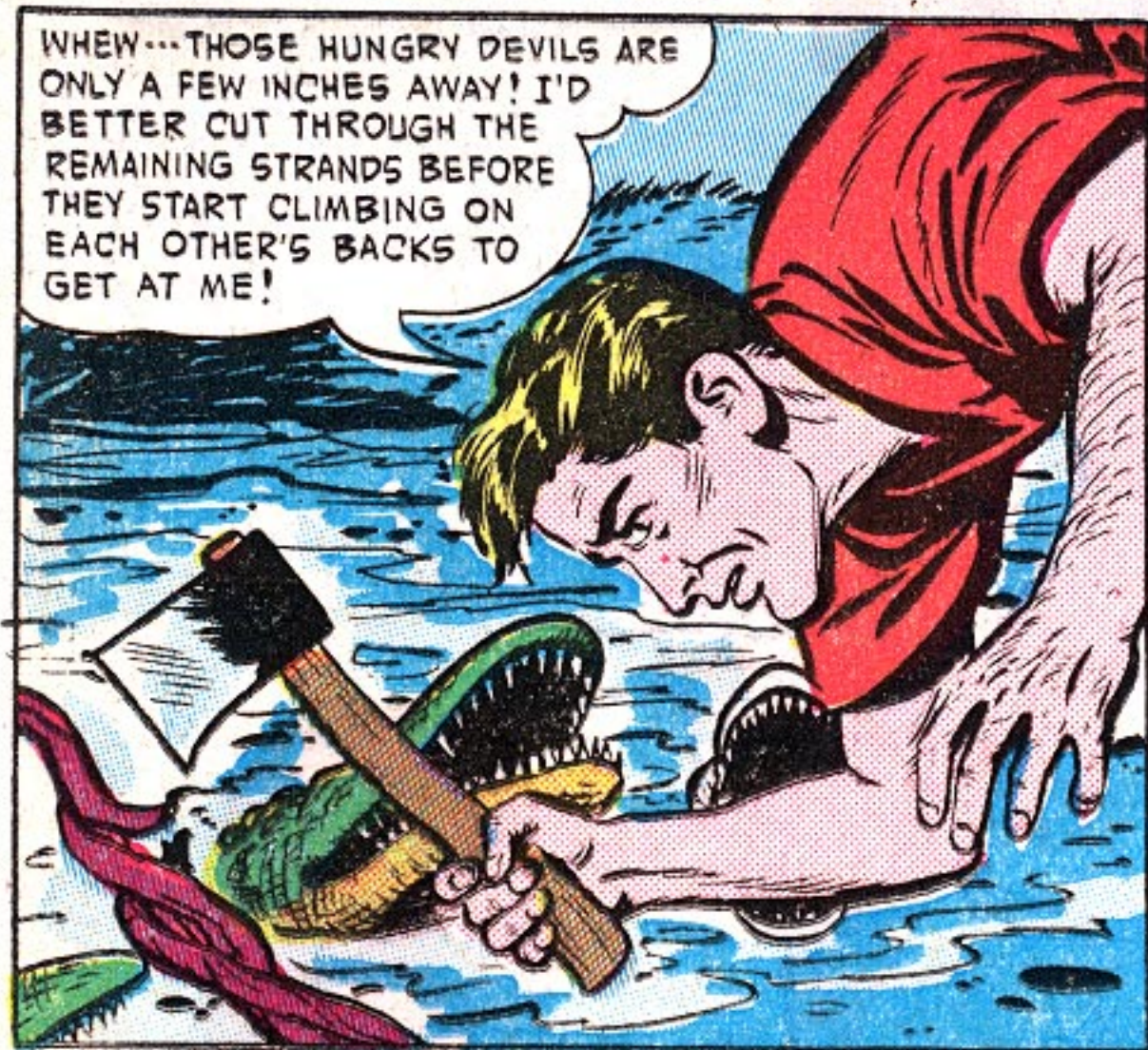
THEY'LL SLAUGHTER US UNLESS WE CAN GET PAST THE NARROWS AND DOWN RIVER! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... BORIS AND ALICE, YOU START FIRING AT THE NEAREST NATIVES... WHILE CHARLIE HOLDS MY LEGS AND I GO OVER THE SIDE WITH AN AXE TO CHOP AWAY AT THE VINE CABLE!



WHATEVER YOU DO, CHARLIE, **DON'T LET GO!** THOSE CROCODILES ARE AS THICK AS FLEAS!

DON'T WORRY, CHUM, I'LL HOLD ON TO YOU AS IF **MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT...** AS IT **DOES!**

BANG!
BANG!



WHEW... THOSE HUNGRY DEVILS ARE ONLY A FEW INCHES AWAY! I'D BETTER CUT THROUGH THE REMAINING STRANDS BEFORE THEY START CLIMBING ON EACH OTHER'S BACKS TO GET AT ME!



THERE... THAT LAST STROKE DID IT... AND IT SETTLED **YOU**, MY REPTILIAN FRIEND!



WE'RE THROUGH THE NARROWS... THEY'LL NEVER CATCH UP TO US NOW!



YEAH, IT'LL BE CLEAR SAILING ALL THE WAY DOWN RIVER NOW... SO I DON'T NEED **YOU** ANYMORE! SO LONG, SUCKERS... THANKS FOR HELPING MAKE ME A MILLIONAIRE!



OWWW!

BANG!

YOU...YOU SHOT ME! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS TOO, YOU LITTLE...



HEADS UP, RAT!



AND NOW COOL OFF!



YAAGHH!

OH, OH... I FORGOT ABOUT THOSE CROCODILES!

THERE'S NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD OF SAVING HIM, TYPHOON...AND ANYWAY, WHO IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD WANT TO?

AND AS FOR YOU...

DON'T BE ANGRY AT ME FOR HAVING GOTTEN YOU INTO THIS, TYPHOON... I ONLY WENT TO AN UNDERWORLD CHARACTER LIKE BORNEO BORIS BECAUSE THE COMPANY AND THE GOVERNMENT WOULDN'T RISK AN EXPEDITION INTO HEAD-HUNTER COUNTRY TO LOOK FOR MY FATHER! AND I ONLY HIT YOU THAT TIME BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO GO BACK BEFORE I LEARNED OF MY FATHER'S FATE!



ANGRY AT YOU? DON'T BE SILLY, SWEETHEART... I'VE HAD FUN!

WELL, I'LL BE...FOR ONCE, IT WAS A GOOD GAL WHO GOT US INTO TROUBLE! AND FUN HE CALLS IT! I ALMOST DIED...AND IT WASN'T FROM LAUGHING!



BACK AT BANJERMASIN, BORNEO...

SORRY, HONEY! A TAME LIFE ISN'T FOR ME...BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO BE WHERE THERE'S ACTION...AND PERIL!

MUST YOU LEAVE ME, TYPHOON...DON'T YOU EVER INTEND TO SETTLE DOWN?



AND THAT'S JUST WHAT'S WAITING FOR TYPHOON TYLER...AND FOR YOU, READER...IN THE NEXT SLAMBANG ISSUE!

THE END! 8

Every Way You Look at Them

LIONEL TRAINS

Fellas, they
look like, run
like the world's
crack trains.

Yippee! Real
solid steel
wheels.

are the
World's finest

Oh, boy, look!
Heavyweight die-
cast R.R. trucks.

Remote control
electro-magnetic
knuckle couplers.

OPERATING COAL RAMP
AND HOPPER CAR

OIL DERRICK &
PUMP

AUTOMATIC
GATEMAN

SEND FOR
NEW LIONEL
CATALOGUE
NOW!

Wow! Real, white, clean
smoke. Built-in two-tone
remote control R.R. whistle.

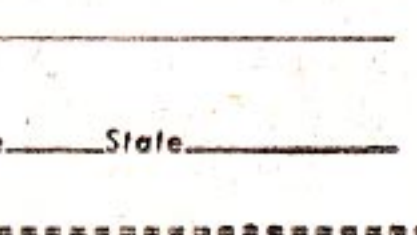
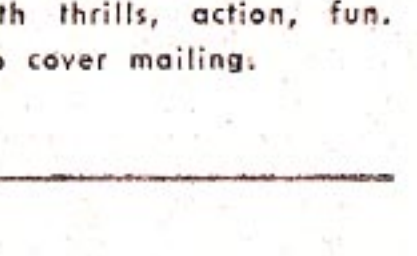
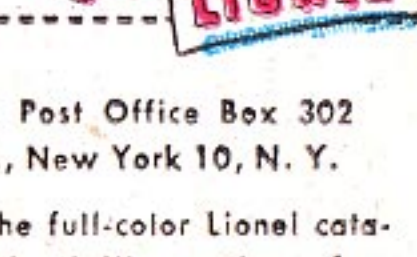
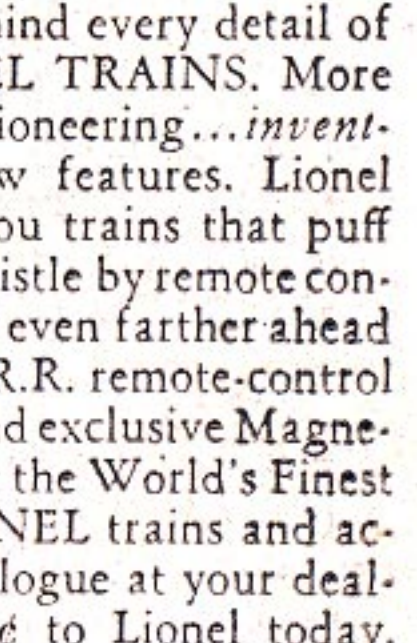
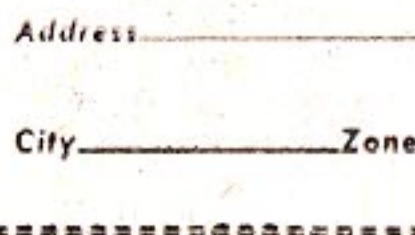
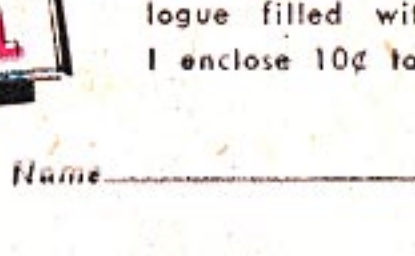
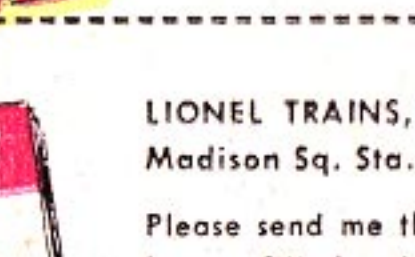
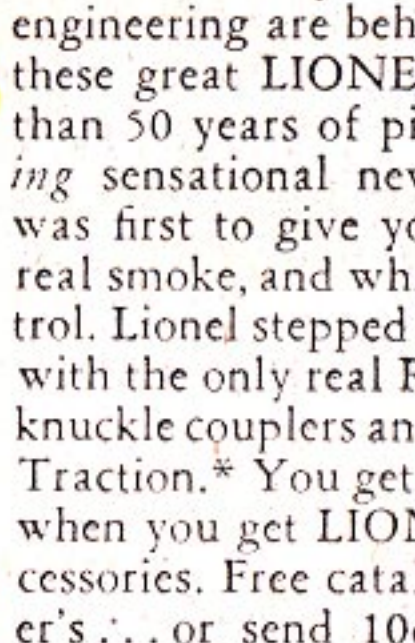
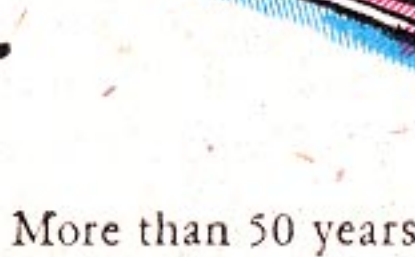
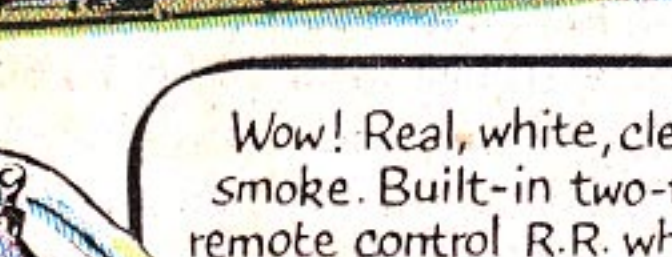
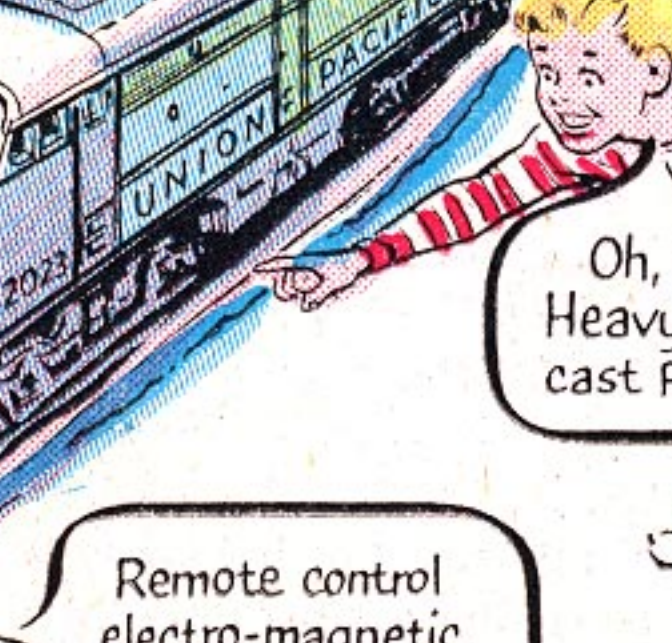
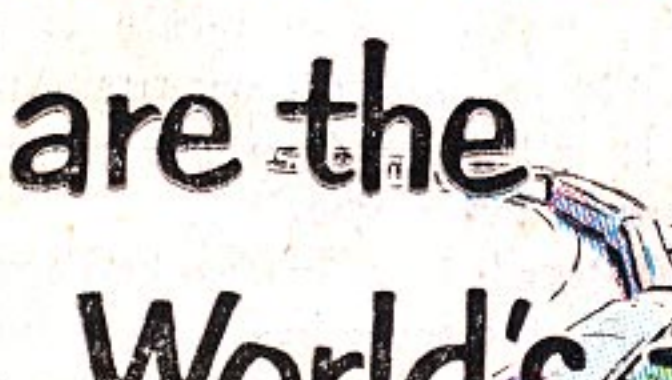
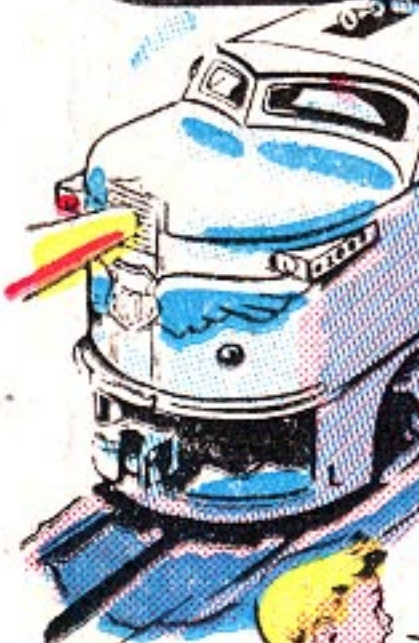
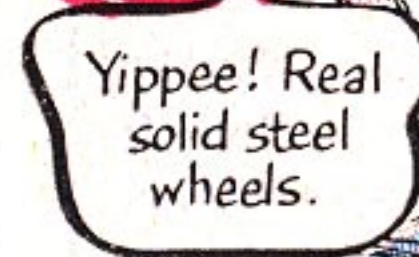
LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 302
Madison Sq. Sta., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me the full-color Lionel cata-
logue filled with thrills, action, fun.
I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



HIT *the* DIRT!

CORPORAL DAN HAINES slowed his jeep down as he saw the South Korean officer standing at the edge of the muddy road, signalling for him to stop. Halting in front of the man, Dan could tell from his insignia that the Korean was a captain in the R. O. K. Capital Division...and knowing that a good many of the South Korean officers spoke English well by this time, Dan said, "I'm heading up toward the 38th parallel, Captain...do you want a lift?"

"Yes, thank you," the Korean said, climbing into the front seat next to Dan. "My driver tried to take a short-cut across a rice-field and bogged down... and I've got to get up to the front lines as soon as possible."

Dan was about to start off again when he suddenly peered more closely at the Korean's face. "Say, don't I know you from someplace?" he said. "Wait...now I remember...I saw your picture on a Military Police wanted circular! You're..."

"Yes, I'm Major-General Sim Kung of the North Korean Army," the man said, aiming a pistol at Dan's chest. "Start the jeep up...or you die!"

Dan hesitated a moment, saw from the grim look in the North Korean's eyes that he meant business, and started off. "Let's see if I remember now," Dan said, shifting into high, "you were the leader of the original North Korean invasion...but after the Inchon landing, when most of your armies were cut off and destroyed, you seemed to have disappeared. We kept hearing rumors that you were hiding out in the South Korean hills, waiting for a chance to slip back to North Korea, but we never could lay our hands on you...until now!"

The North Korean jabbed his pistol viciously against Dan's side. "You still haven't laid hands on me...and you never will. This South Korean uniform got me this far...and it will get me back through your lines to North Korea. You will not try any tricks or try to signal any of your men we may pass on the road...because at the slightest suspicious move, I shoot to kill!"

Dan grunted. If he wanted to live and still capture the general, he would have to outwit the North Korean...and in a sudden flash, he thought he saw how he could do both. Pretending to be afraid, Dan stammered, "I...I think I'll need a little snifter, general...my hands are trembling on the wheel, and I don't want any accident to happen. There's a bottle of Korean rice liquor in the glove compartment...one swallow is all I need to get enough nerve to keep on driving you."

The North Korean reached into the glove compartment with his free hand and thrust the bottle of rice wine at Dan with a contemptuous expression. "There, you American weakling...but just one swallow!"

Dan pretended to have difficulty extracting the cork with his teeth...and then, when he saw an American officer up the road ahead, Dan slowed down, tilted the bottle back, and drank deeply.

"Hey, soldier," the U. S. lieutenant said as the jeep drew abreast of him, "pull up! You know it's against the rules to drink while on duty...and I saw you swigging that bottle!"

Dan felt the North Korean's gun jabbing him to make a correct answer. "But I... I'm not drunk, Lieutenant," Dan said. "Here, I'll even get out and show you I can walk a straight line!"

Dan got out of the jeep, knowing that the North Korean general's gun was trained on his back, ready to shoot at the slightest suspicious move or word. Sweating, Dan began walking toward the U. S. lieutenant, holding his arms straight out from his sides, as if walking an imaginary straight line. Then Dan flapped his hands with sharp wrist motions, palms down...and dove for the ground. A burst of fire sounded behind him...and General Kung screamed in agony.

Examining the dead general, the lieutenant said, "So this is General Kung, eh? Too bad for him he didn't know those arm and wrist motions you made were U. S. signals for 'enemy in sight...hit the dirt!' I hit the dirt, all right...and fired from it until the general hit the dirt!"

JOAQUIN the AVENGER

ONE OF THE BLOODIEST CAREERS IN THE WEST BEGAN ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 10, 1849, WHEN JOAQUIN MURIETTA, AN 18-YEAR OLD MEXICAN BOY WHO HAD COME TO CALIFORNIA TO DIG FOR GOLD, SAW HIS OLDER BROTHER UNJUSTLY ACCUSED OF HORSE-STEALING...

NO-- DON'T-- YOU CAN'T HANG HIM WITHOUT A TRIAL! MY BROTHER DIDN'T DO IT! HE DIDN'T DO IT!



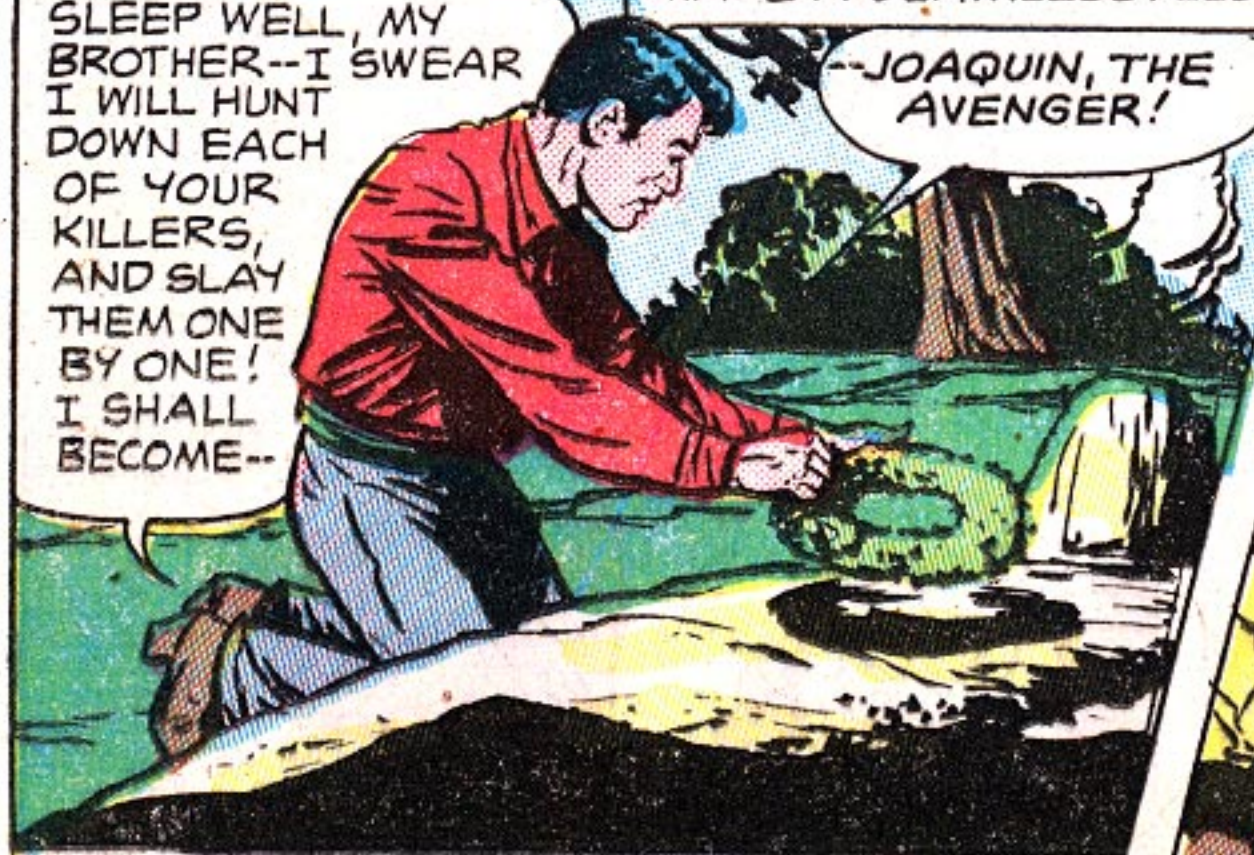
THIS'LL TEACH YUH TUH STAY OUTA WHAR YUH AIN'T WANTED! CALIFORNY GOLD IS FER US CALIFORNYANS --SO GIT OUT OR YUH'LL FIND A ROPE AROUND YORE NECK!



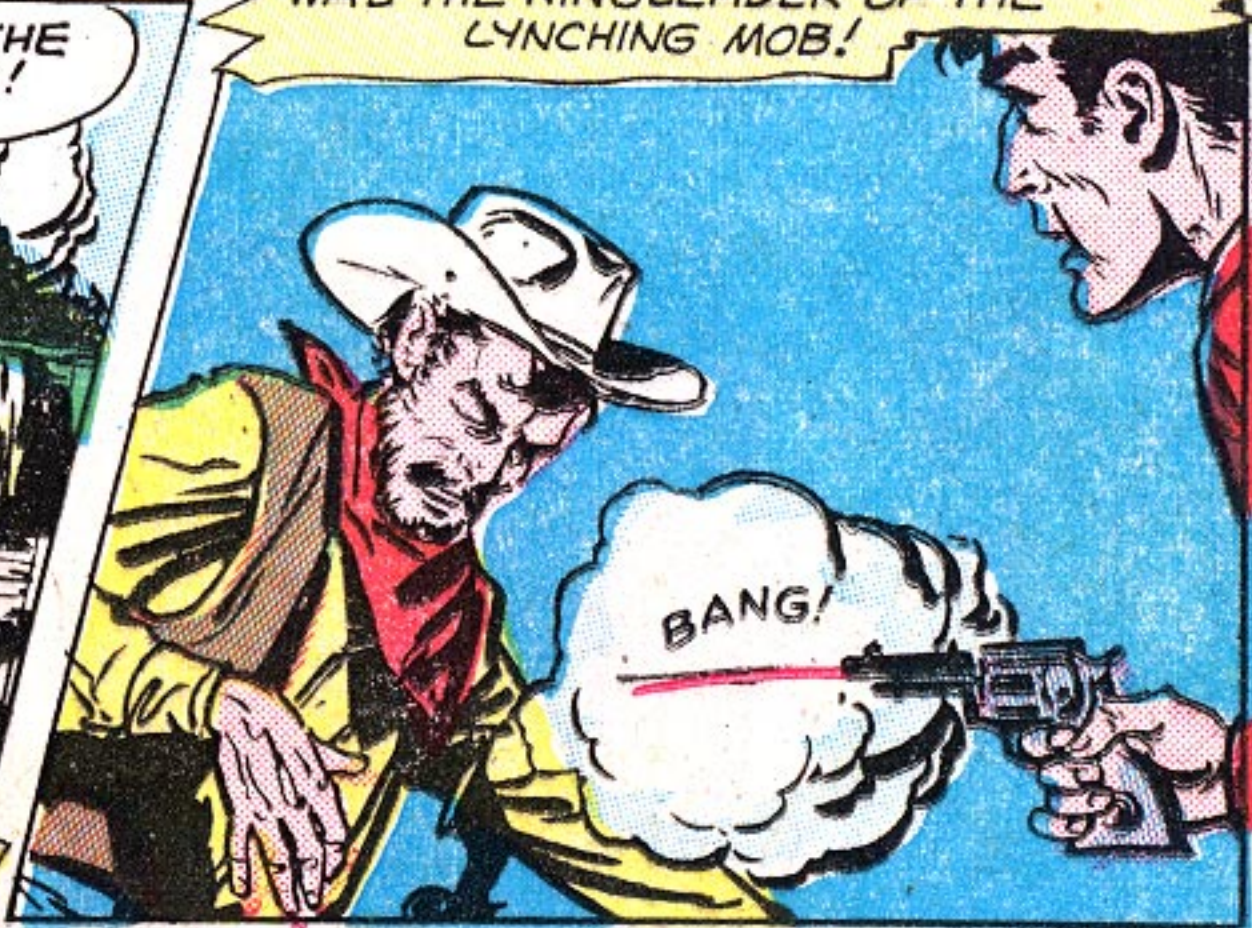
WHEN JOAQUIN RECOVERED FROM HIS UNMERCIFUL BEATING, HE VISITED HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE-- AND MADE A DEATHLESS PLEDGE!

SLEEP WELL, MY BROTHER--I SWEAR I WILL HUNT DOWN EACH OF YOUR KILLERS, AND SLAY THEM ONE BY ONE! I SHALL BECOME--

--JOAQUIN, THE AVENGER!

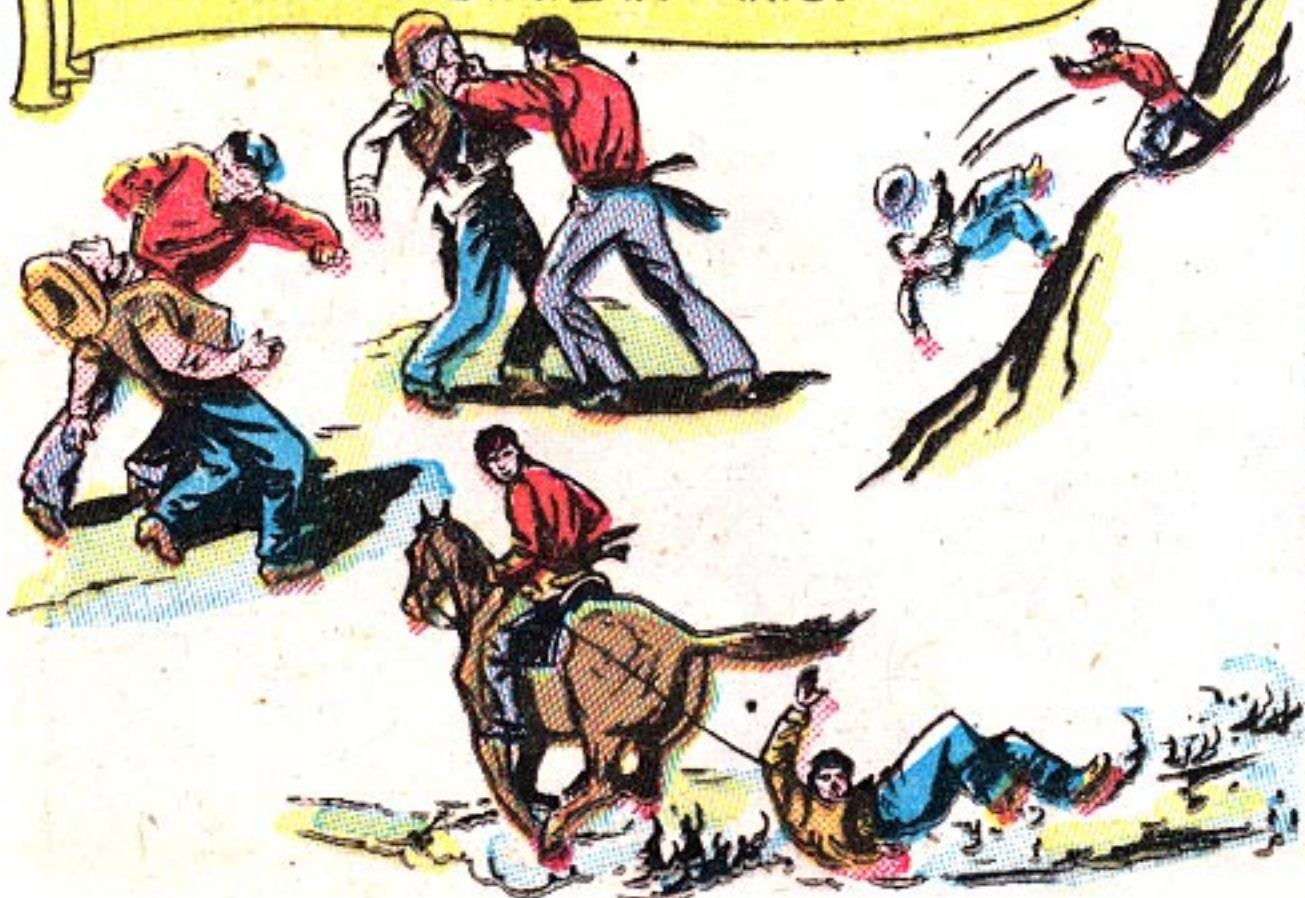


THE FIRST MAN TO FALL VICTIM TO JOAQUIN'S THIRST FOR VENGEANCE WAS THE RINGLEADER OF THE LYNCHING MOB!



ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE MEMBERS OF THAT LYNCHING BEE WERE HUNTED DOWN AND SLAIN--UNTIL 15 OF THE ORIGINAL 20 HAD BECOME VICTIMS OF JOAQUIN'S REVENGE, AND THE REST HAD FLED THE STATE IN PANIC!

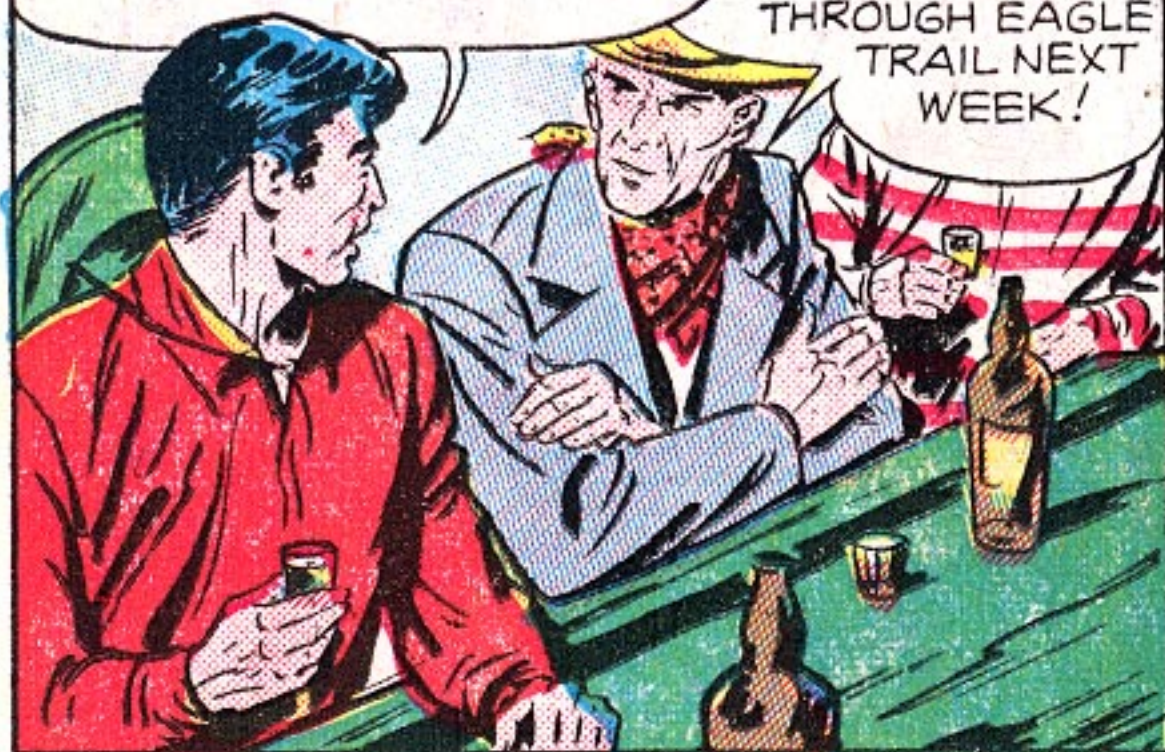
BUT JOAQUIN'S CAMPAIGN WHETTED A THIRST FOR BLOOD! WITHIN A YEAR, HE WAS CAPTAIN OF 400 HIGHWAYMEN AND CUT-THROATS--AND THE NAME OF JOAQUIN THE AVENGER SOON BEGAN TO BE UTTERED IN FEARFUL WHISPERS FROM BORDER TO BORDER!



BOLDLY, JOAQUIN MINGLED WITH THE CROWDS, ACQUIRING INFORMATION ABOUT TRAVELERS AND PLUNDER WHICH WOULD AID HIM IN PLANNING HIS RAIDS!

I HAVE JUST COME THROUGH EL BURRO PASS-- THEY SAY JOAQUIN THE AVENGER RAIDED FOUR GOLD-WAGON TRAINS THERE LAST WEEK!

HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME SHIPPING MUH GOLD THROUGH THAT PASS! I'M BRINGING MUH LOAD O' PAY DIRT IN-TUH TOWN THROUGH EAGLE TRAIL NEXT WEEK!



MOST CITIZENS BECAME AFRAID TO MENTION THE NAME OF JOAQUIN IN PUBLIC-- BUT ONE YOUNG DEPUTY SHERIFF NAMED WILSON SPOKE LOUDLY AND OPENLY OF THE NECESSITY OF STOPPING THE REIGN OF TERROR!

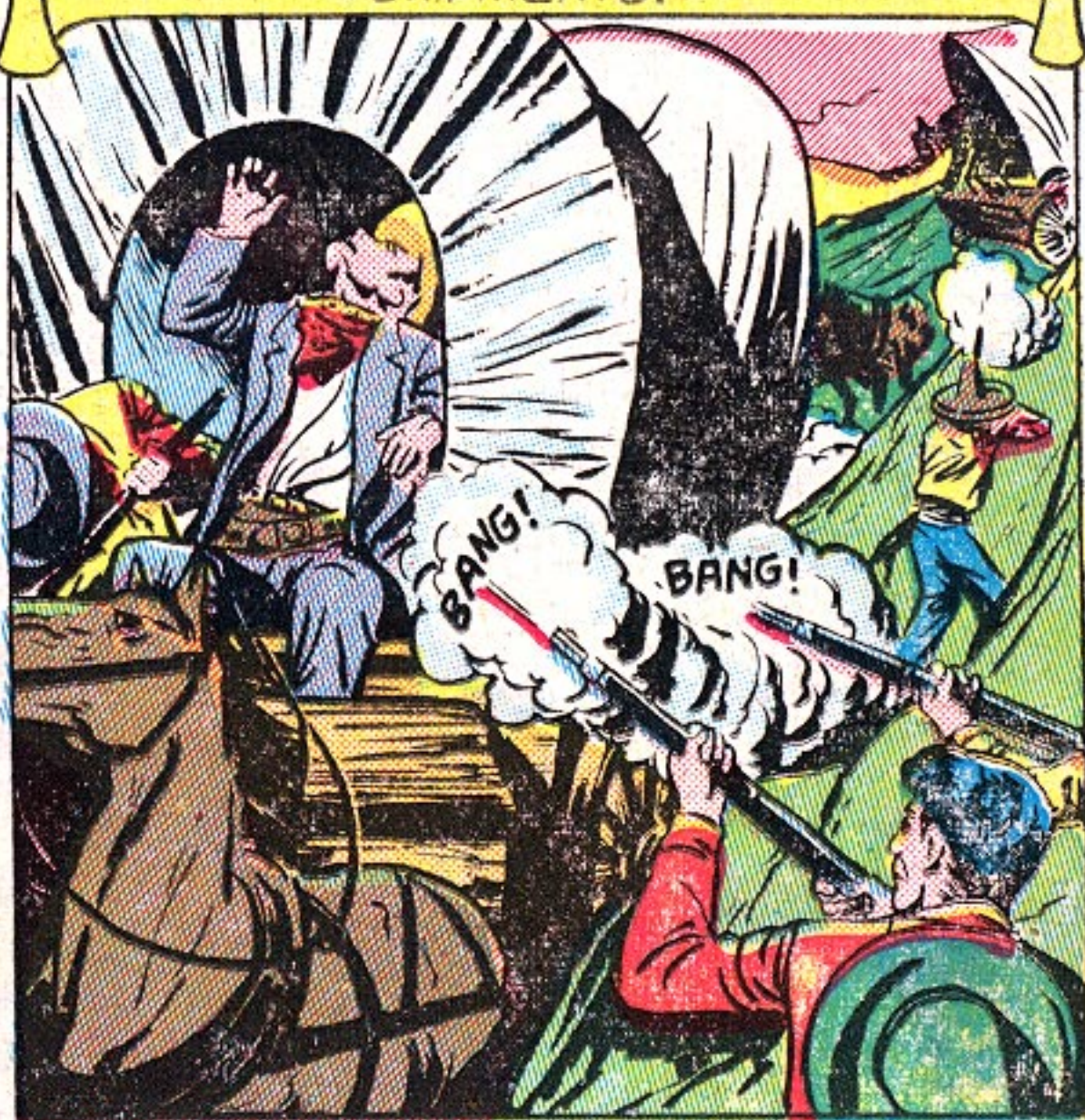
IT'S UP TUH YUH MEN-- THE LAW CAIN'T TRACK DOWN JOAQUIN UNLESS YUH'RE ALL WILLIN' TO JOIN A POSSE AN' HUNT 'IM DOWN!



WILSON'S HAND DROPPED SWIFTLY TO HIS GUN-- BUT HE WASN'T FAST ENOUGH! BEFORE HIS GAPING TOWNSMEN COULD RECOVER FROM THEIR ASTONISHMENT, THE RIDER WAS GONE-- LEAVING A DEAD DEPUTY BEHIND!



WITH THE HELP OF SUCH INFORMATION, JOAQUIN AMBUSHED DOZENS OF GOLD SHIPMENTS!



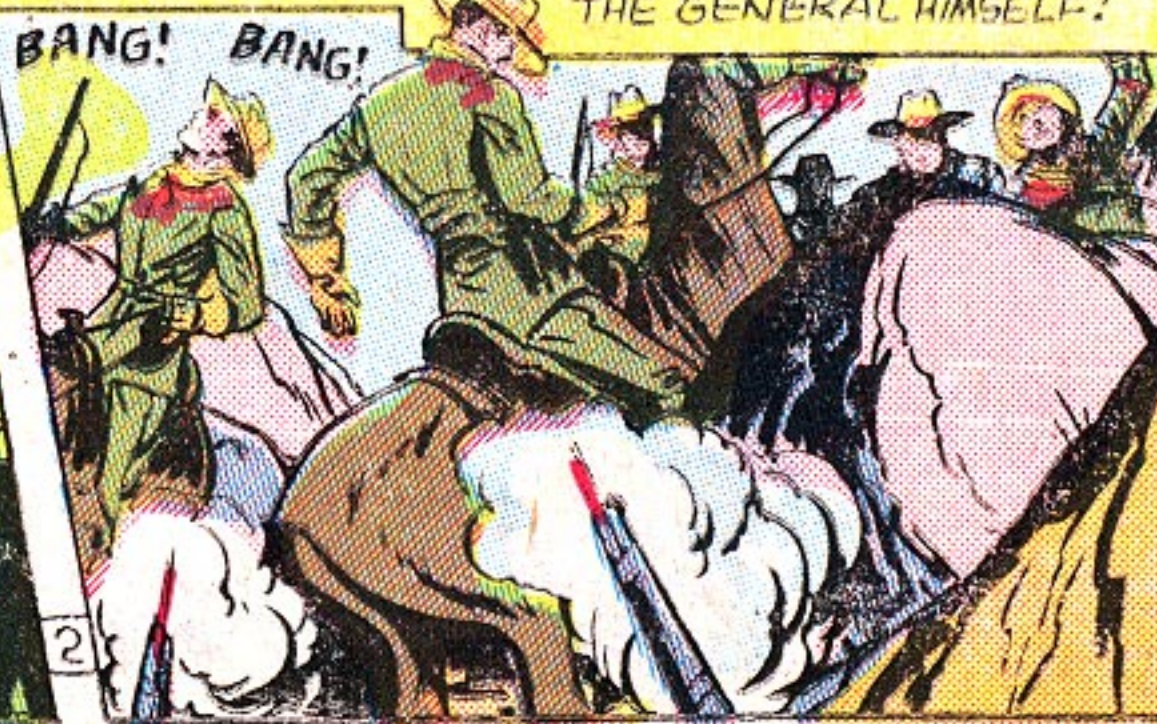
SLOWLY, THE IDEA OF A MASS POSSE BEGAN GATHERING SUPPORT! BUT THEN, DURING ONE OF WILSON'S STREET CORNER SPEECHES, A HORSEMAN LEANED OVER AND WHISPERED IN HIS EAR...

HUH-- WHAT'S THAT, STRANGER?

PREPARE TO DIE! I AM JOAQUIN!



WILSON'S DEATH AROUSED MORE PEOPLE THAN EVEN HIS WORDS HAD DONE-- AND TWO COMPANIES OF MILITIA, UNDER GENERAL BEAN, WERE ORDERED OUT ON AN EXPEDITION TO GET JOAQUIN! BUT EVEN THE SOLDIERS COULDN'T COPE WITH THE WILY AVENGER-- WHO FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN AMBUSHING AND KILLING THE GENERAL HIMSELF!



IN DESPERATION, THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA OFFERED A REWARD, HOPING ONE OF JOAQUIN'S FOLLOWERS WOULD BE TEMPTED TO BETRAY HIM!

WANTED
JOAQUIN
MURIETTA
DEAD OR ALIVE
\$5000
REWARD

ONE DAY IN STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA, A STRANGER RODE UP TO THE PUBLIC SQUARE AND WROTE SOMETHING ON ONE OF THE REWARD POSTERS, WHILE PEOPLE AROUND WATCHED HIM CURIOUSLY!

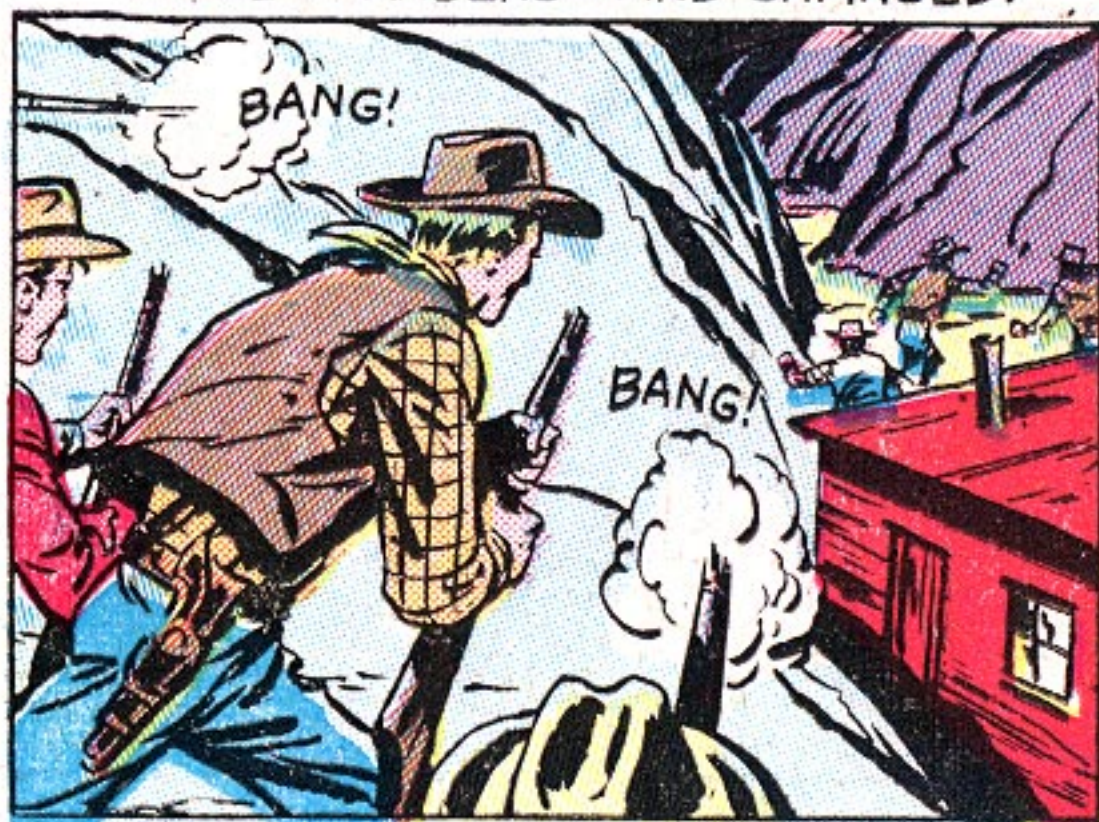


WHEN THE STRANGER HAD LEFT, THE ONLOOKERS CROWDED AROUND TO SEE WHAT HE HAD WRITTEN--AND WERE STUNNED BY WHAT THEY READ!

\$5000
REWARD
and I will pay
\$10,000!
Joaquin
Murietta



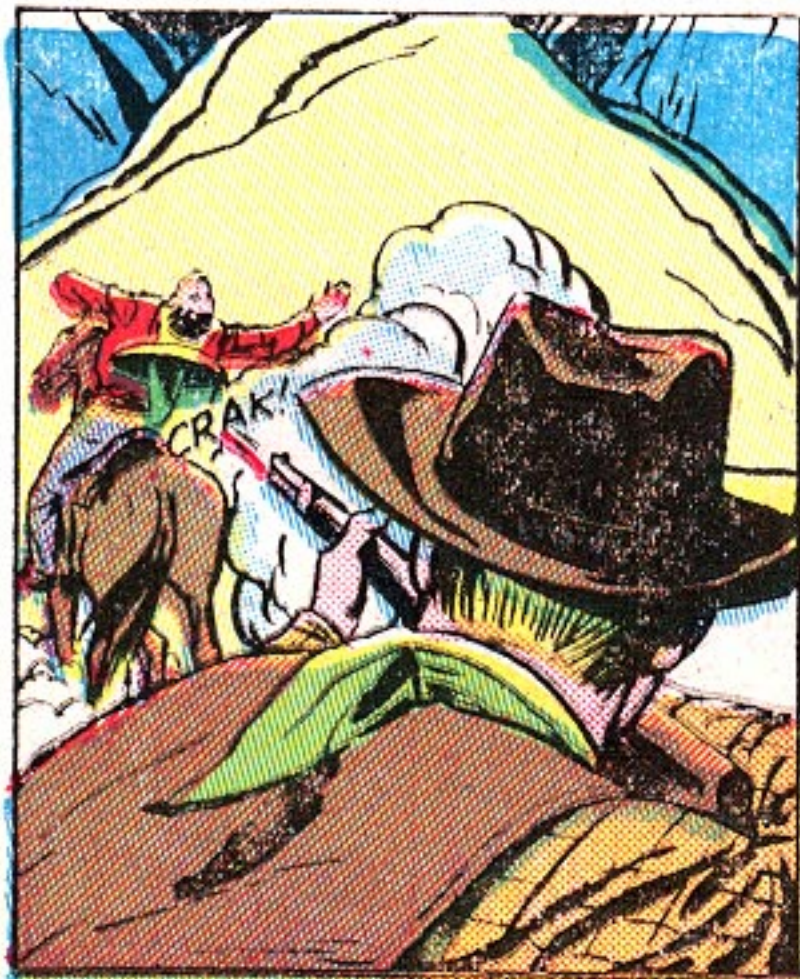
FINALLY THE TEXAS RANGERS WERE CALLED IN AS A LAST RESORT, AND WHEN TEXAN CAPTAIN HARRY LOVE DISCOVERED JOAQUIN'S HIDEOUT IN CANTUA CANYON, HE ORDERED THE VALLEY SURROUNDED BY TWENTY PICKED RANGERS--AND CHARGED!



JOAQUIN LEAPED ON HIS HORSE AND RACED AWAY UNSCATHED THROUGH A HAIL OF BULLETS--UNTIL CAPTAIN LOVE'S RIFLE SPOKE SHARPLY!

SHOOT NO MORE-- YOUR WORK... IS FINISHED...

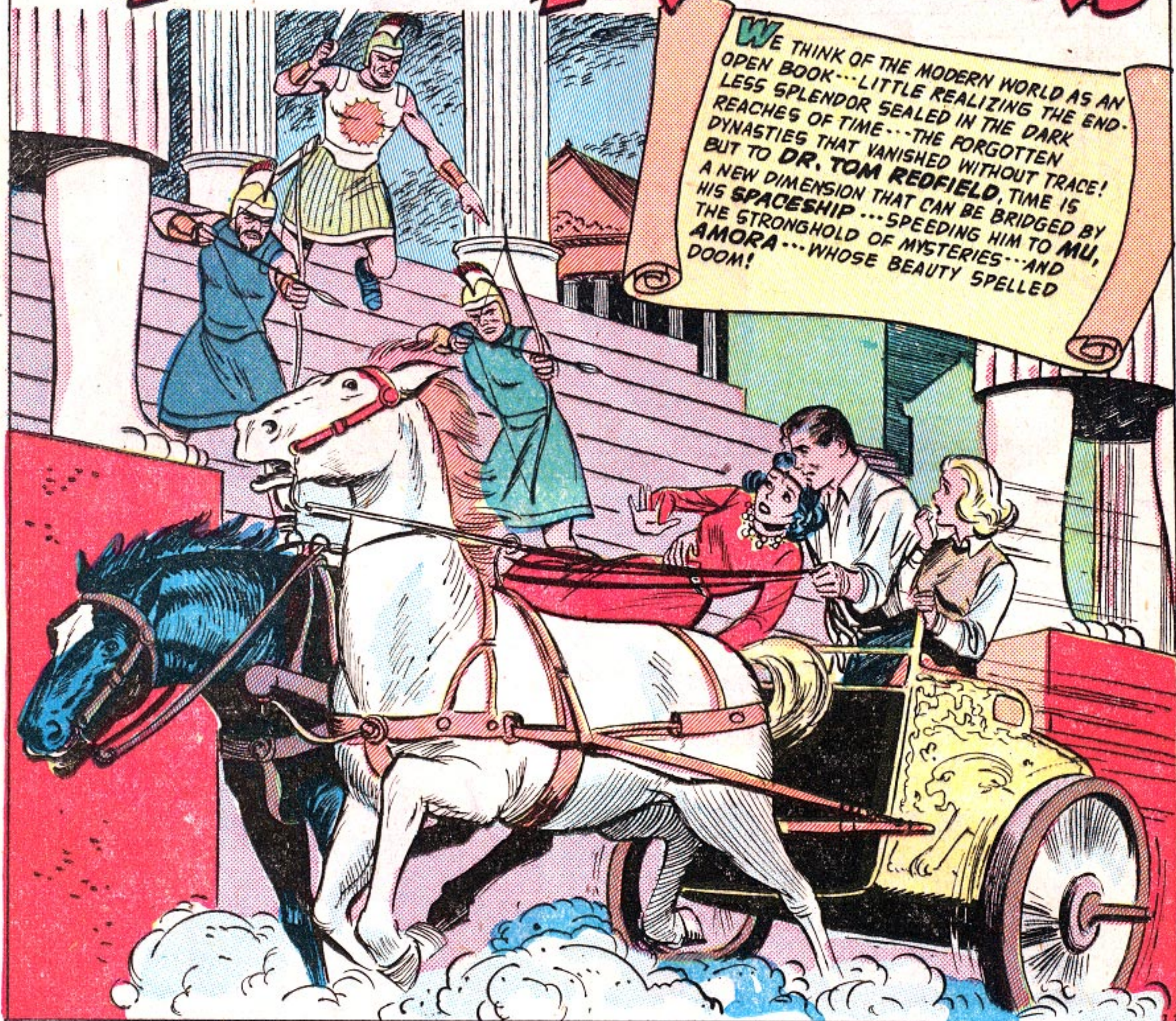
WATCH HIM-- IT MAY BE A TRICK!



BUT IT WAS NO TRICK-- JOAQUIN THE AVENGER WAS DEAD, AND HIS BLOODY TRAIL HAD COME TO AN END!



The TIME TRAVELERS



WE THINK OF THE MODERN WORLD AS AN OPEN BOOK...LITTLE REALIZING THE ENDLESS SPLENDOR SEALED IN THE DARK REACHES OF TIME...THE FORGOTTEN DYNASTIES THAT VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE! BUT TO DR. TOM REDFIELD, TIME IS A NEW DIMENSION THAT CAN BE BRIDGED BY HIS SPACESHIP...SPEEDING HIM TO MU, AMORA...WHOSE BEAUTY SPELLED DOOM!

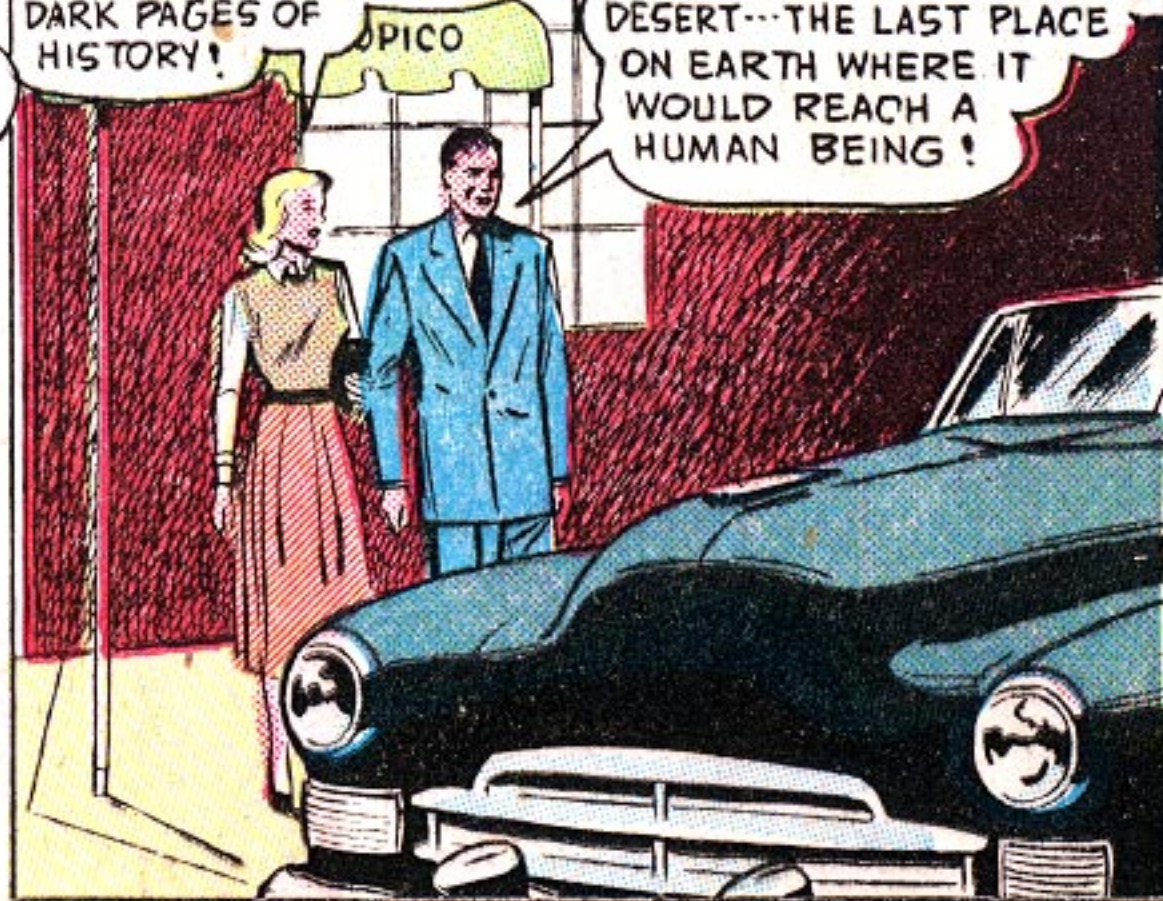
ONE NIGHT...

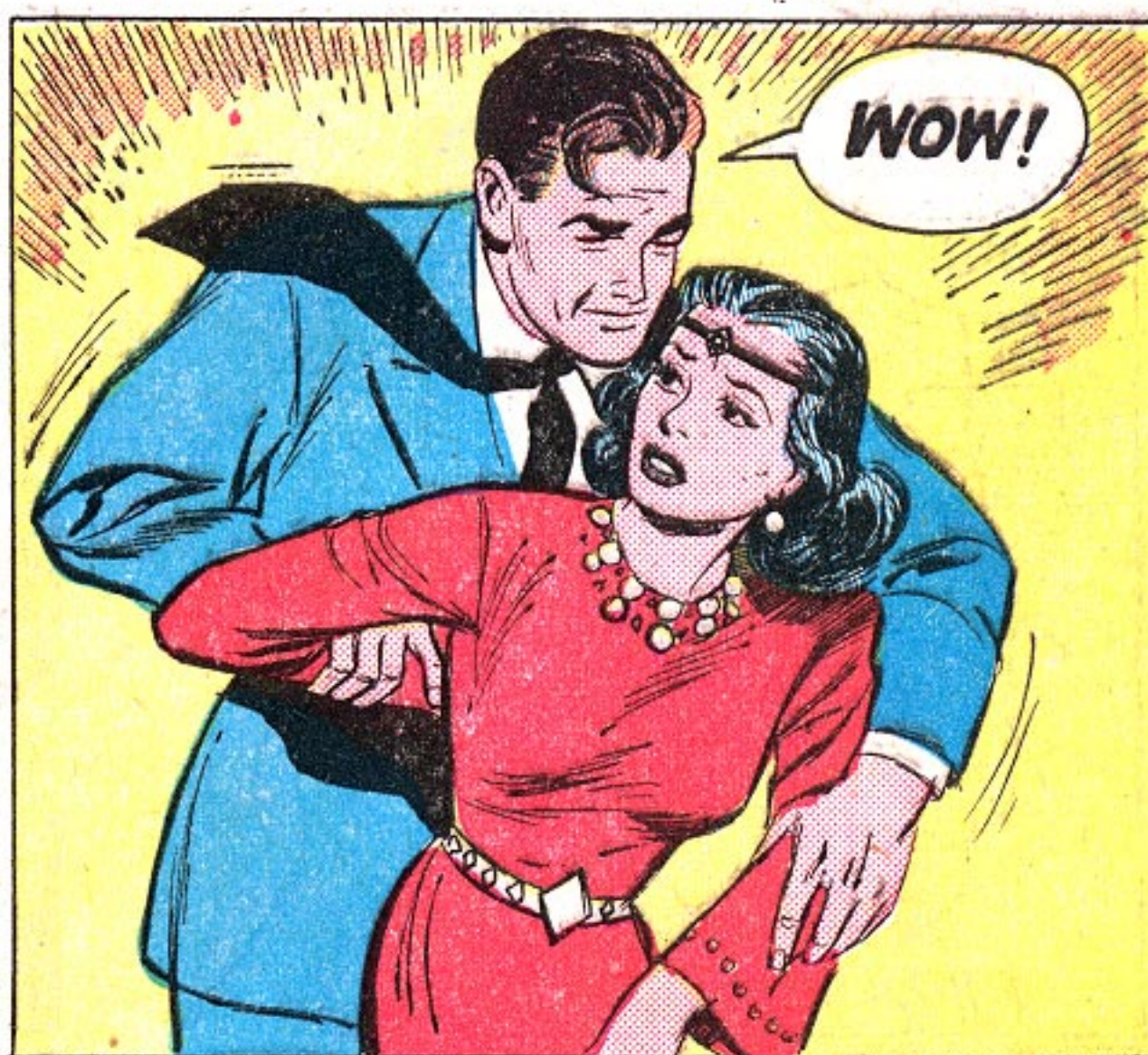
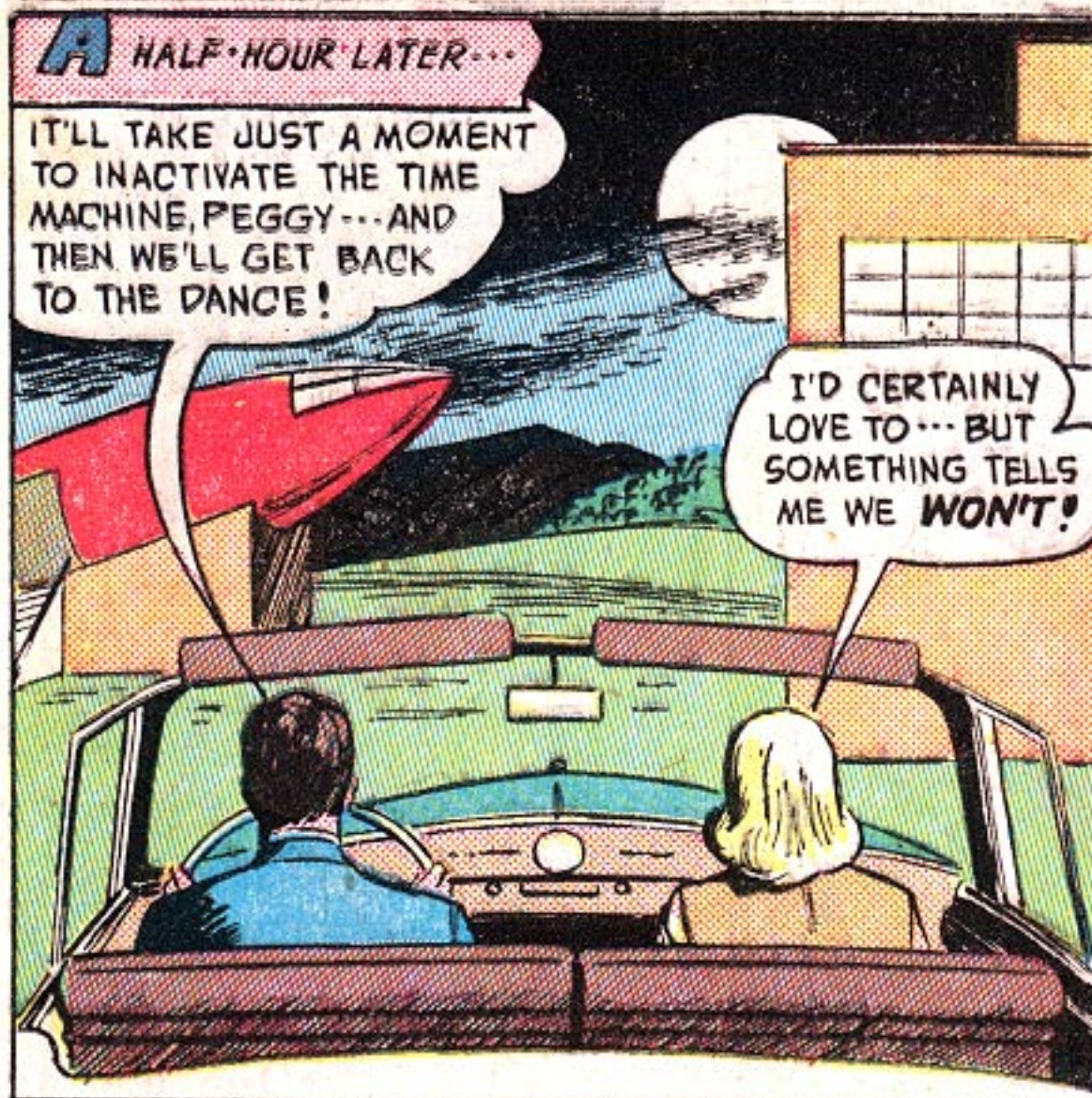
THIS IS THE FIRST NIGHT IN **WEEKS** I'VE BEEN ABLE TO LURE YOU AWAY FROM THE LABORATORY, TOM...BUT YOU'RE JUST AS PREOCCUPIED **NOW** AS WHEN YOU'RE WORKING ON A SPACE PROBLEM!

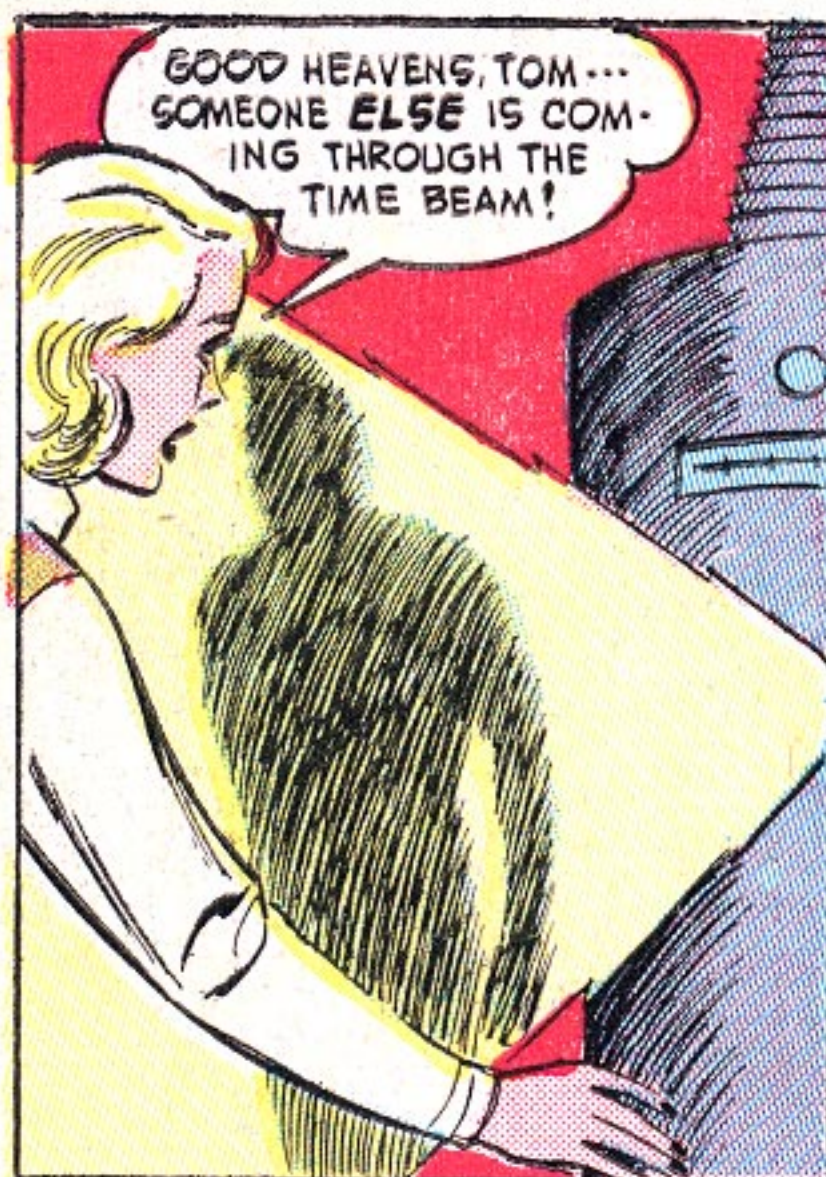
THERE'S A REASON, PEGGY! I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EXPERIMENT WHEN YOU ARRIVED...**AND I FORGOT TO SWITCH OFF THE TIME MACHINE!**

DOESN'T THE TIME BEAM PROVIDE A CHANNEL TO THE PAST? IF IT WORKS **BOTH** WAYS...HEAVENS KNOWS **WHAT** IT WILL ATTRACT FROM THE DARK PAGES OF HISTORY!

THERE'S NO DANGER OF **THAT!** THE TIME BEAM WAS SET BACK FIVE THOUSAND YEARS, AND ZEROED ON THE MIDDLE OF THE ARABIAN DESERT...THE LAST PLACE ON EARTH WHERE IT WOULD REACH A HUMAN BEING!





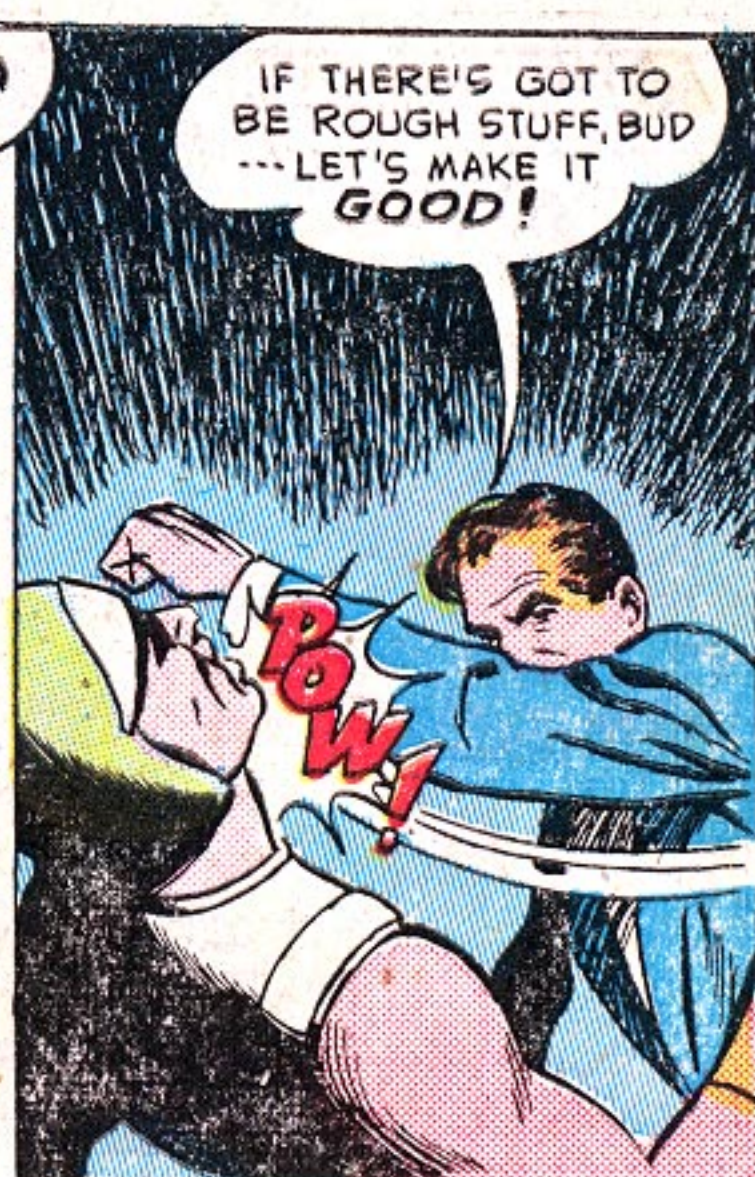


GOOD HEAVENS, TOM...
SOMEONE **ELSE** IS COM-
ING THROUGH THE
TIME BEAM!



MAKARTA!

SHAKA, AMORA
... KOVAN HA
MU!



IF THERE'S GOT TO
BE ROUGH STUFF, BUD
---LET'S MAKE IT
GOOD!



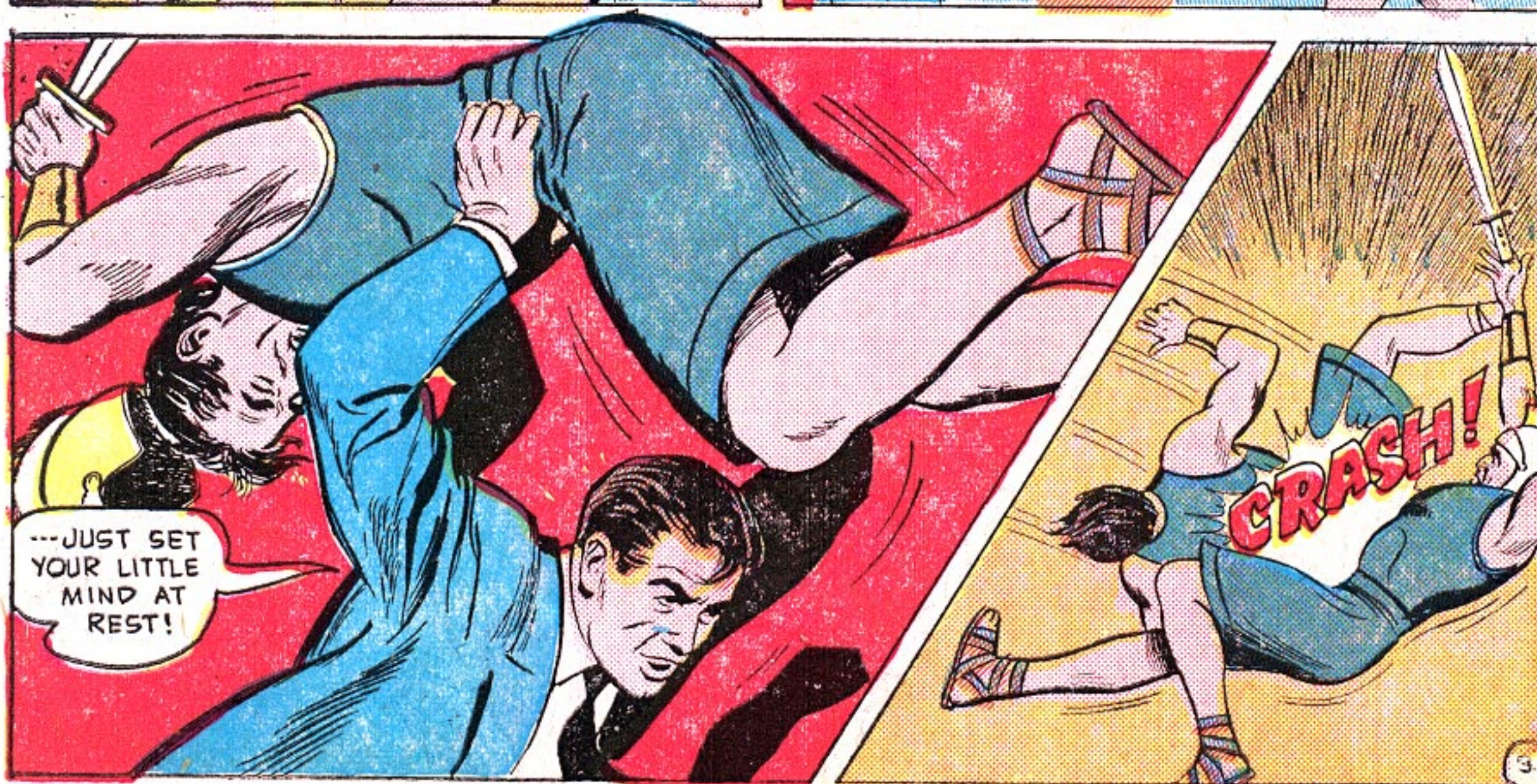
NOW THERE **WILL**
BE TROUBLE, TOM...
**HE'S CALLING
FOR HELP!**

HOKALI
MU!



NA KROL...
NA KROL!

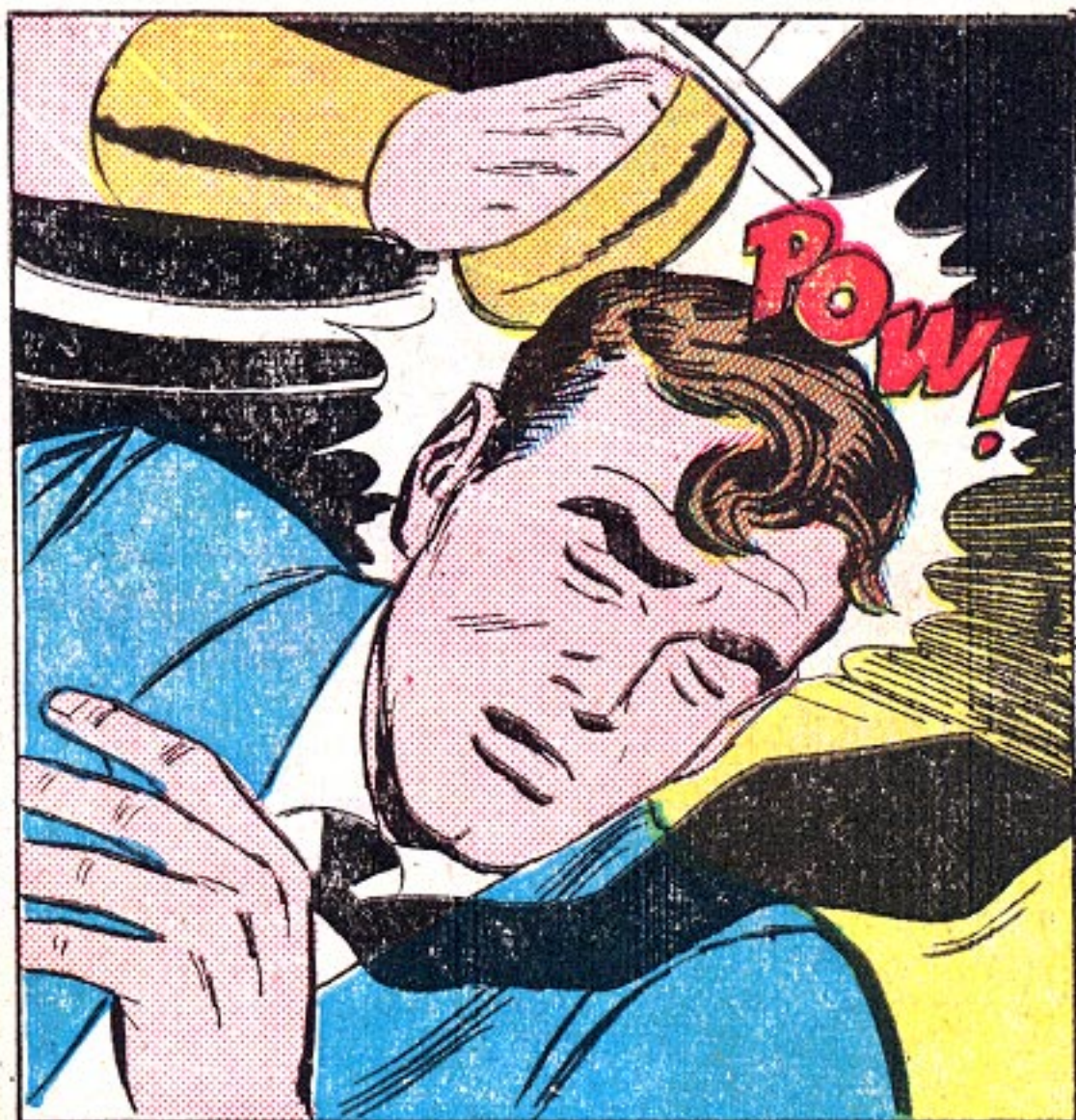
I WON'T BE ABLE TO UNDER-
STAND YOU UNTIL WE REACH THE
SAME TIME LEVEL, HONEY... BUT
IF YOU'RE WORRIED
ABOUT **ME**...



---JUST SET
YOUR LITTLE
MIND AT
REST!



VASHTI! NA VASHTI!



POW!



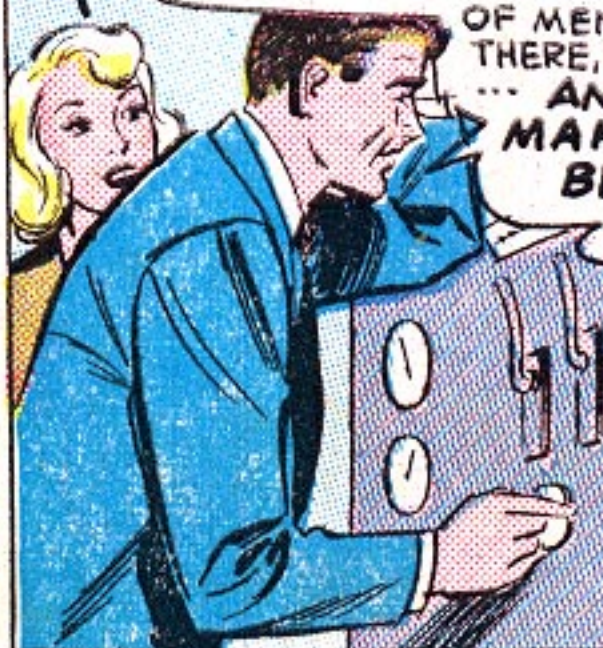
GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE DRAGGING AMORA THROUGH THE TIME BEAM... BACK INTO THE PAST!

A MOMENT LATER...

NOW THAT THEY'RE GONE, TOM...WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BROUGHT AMORA HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

SHE MAY NOT HAVE KNOWN WHAT THE TIME BEAM WAS... BUT SHE MUST HAVE SENSED IT GAVE HER A CHANCE TO FLEE

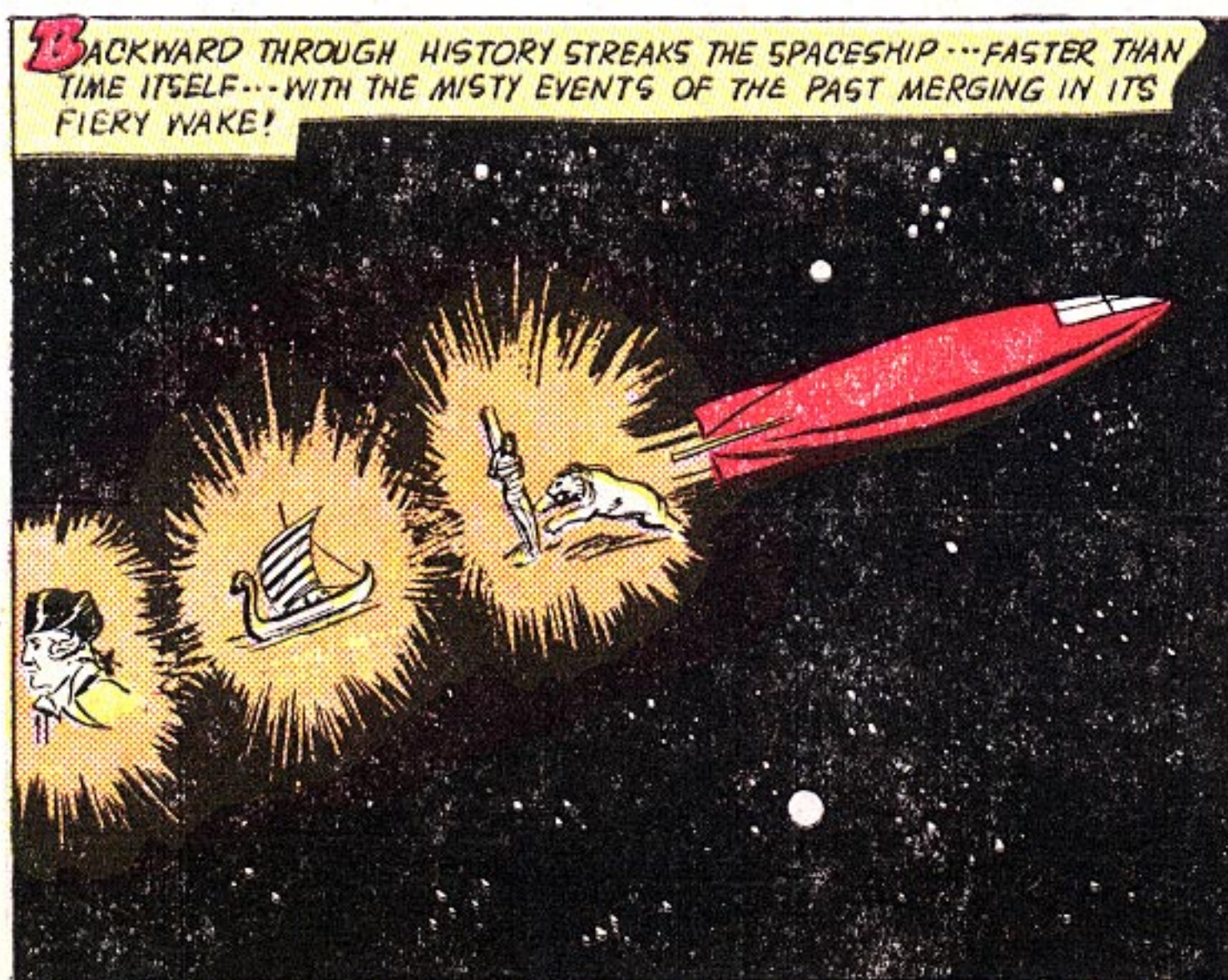
FROM MU! AMORA'S FACED BY SOME KIND OF MENACE THERE, PEGGY... AND MAKARTA'S BEHIND IT!



WITH THE SPACESHIP CONTROLS AUTOMATICALLY SET...

FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO...DEEP IN THE INTERIOR OF ARABIA! WE MAY BE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, HONEY... BUT UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS...YOU'RE READY FOR A SPACE VOYAGE TO MU!

I WON'T BOTHER GUESSING ABOUT YOU, TOM...NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD A GLIMPSE OF AMORA!

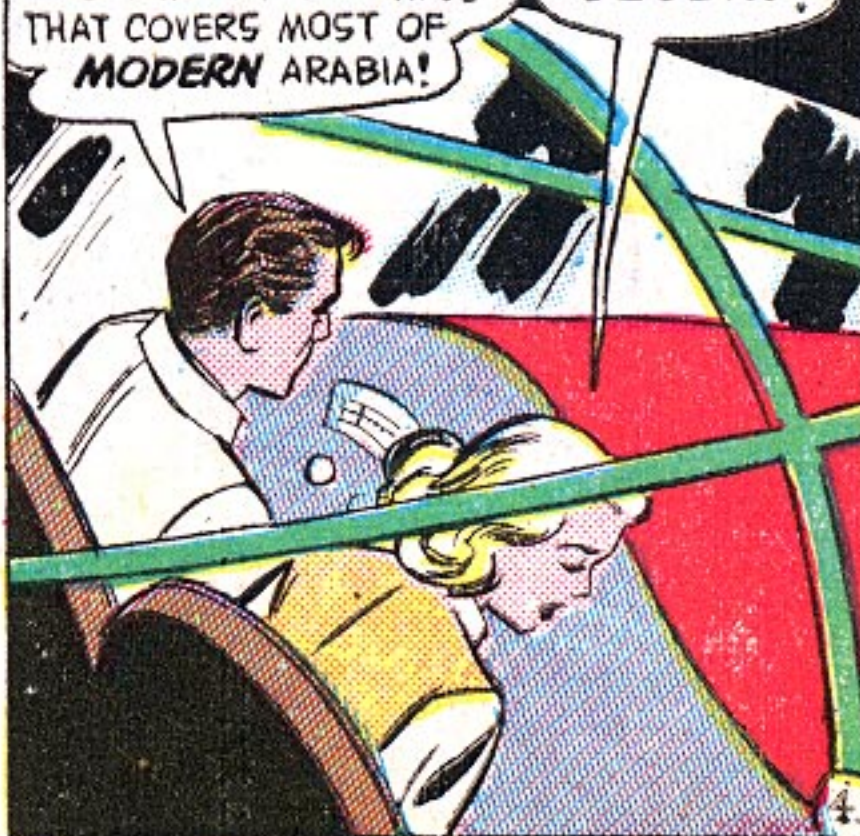


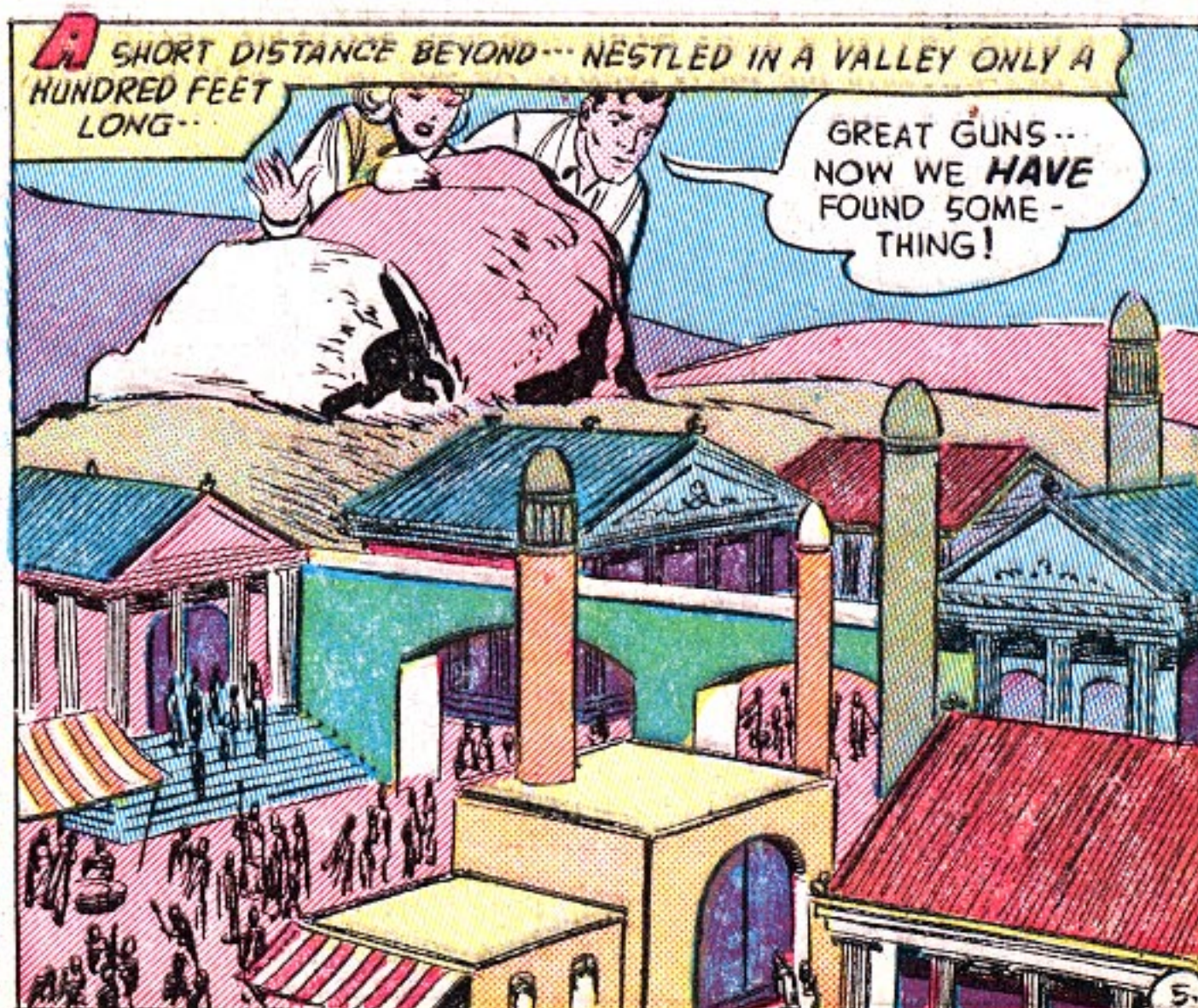
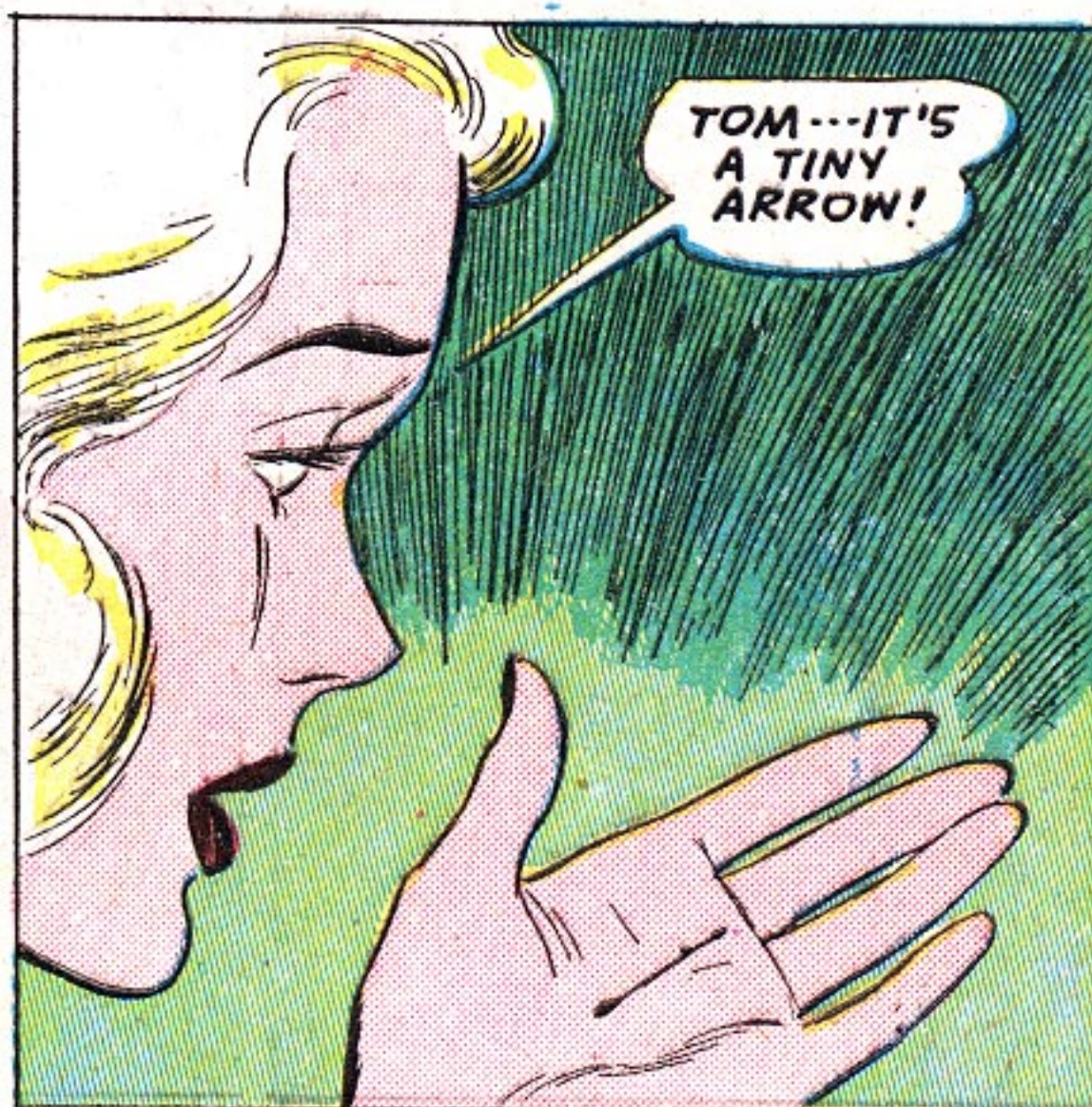
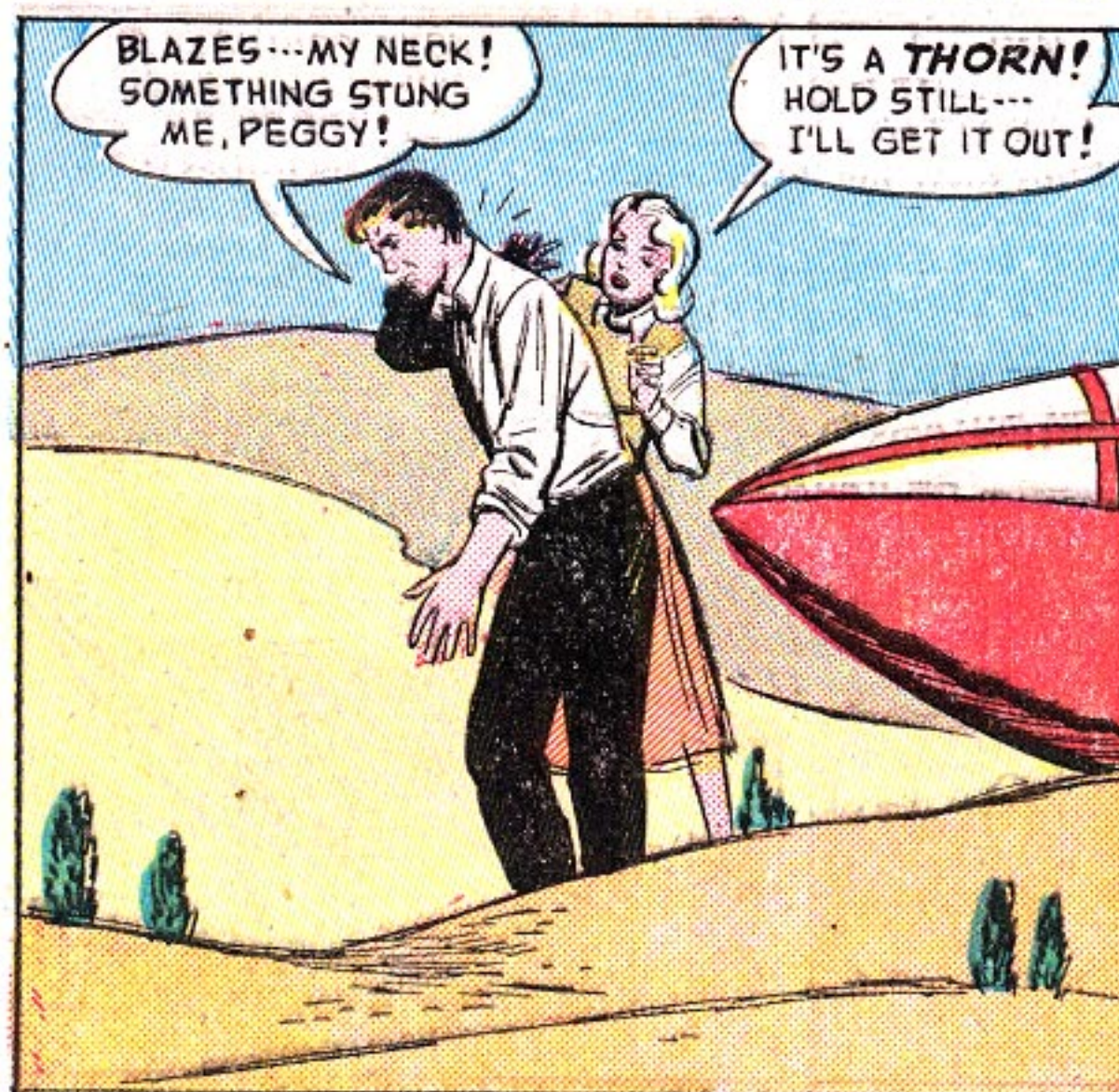
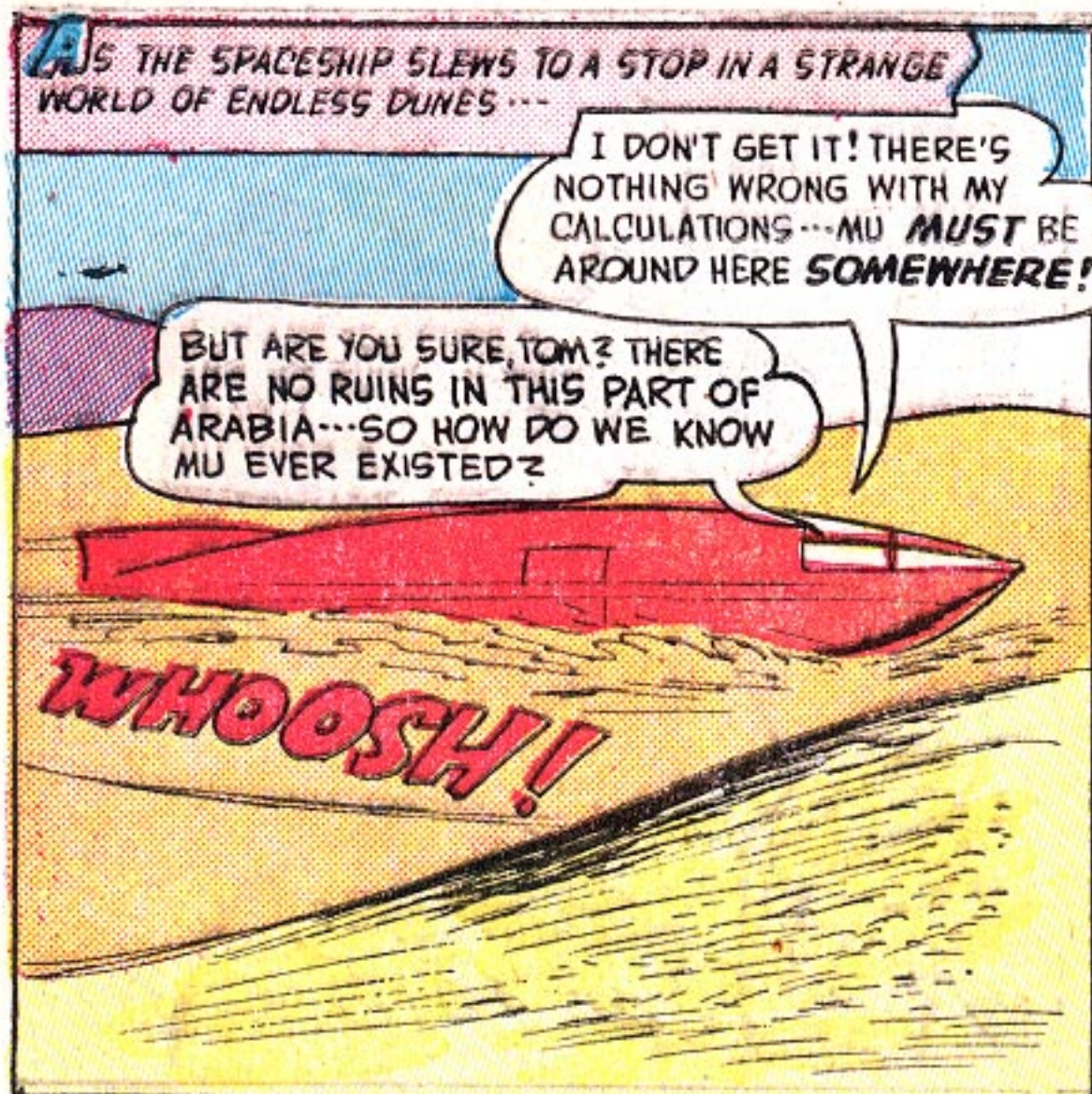
BACKWARD THROUGH HISTORY STREAKS THE SPACESHIP...FASTER THAN TIME ITSELF...WITH THE MISTY EVENTS OF THE PAST MERGING IN ITS FIERY WAKE!

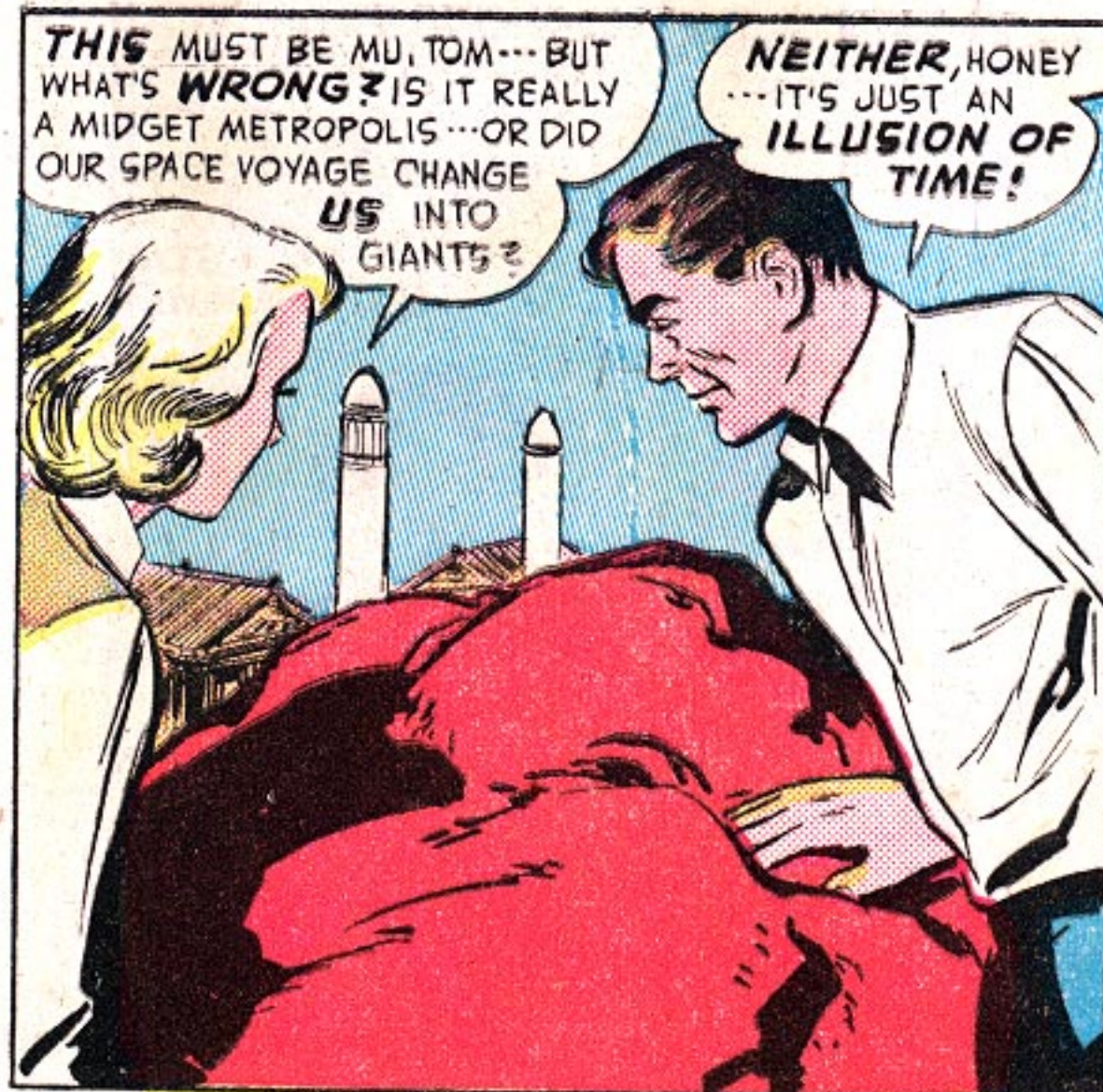
SECONDS LATER...

WE'RE ABOUT READY TO LAND, HONEY...AND I EXPECT SOMETHING FAR DIFFERENT THAN THE SANDY WILDERNESS THAT COVERS MOST OF MODERN ARABIA!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! THE TERRAIN'S VISIBLE...AND I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BUT DESERT!

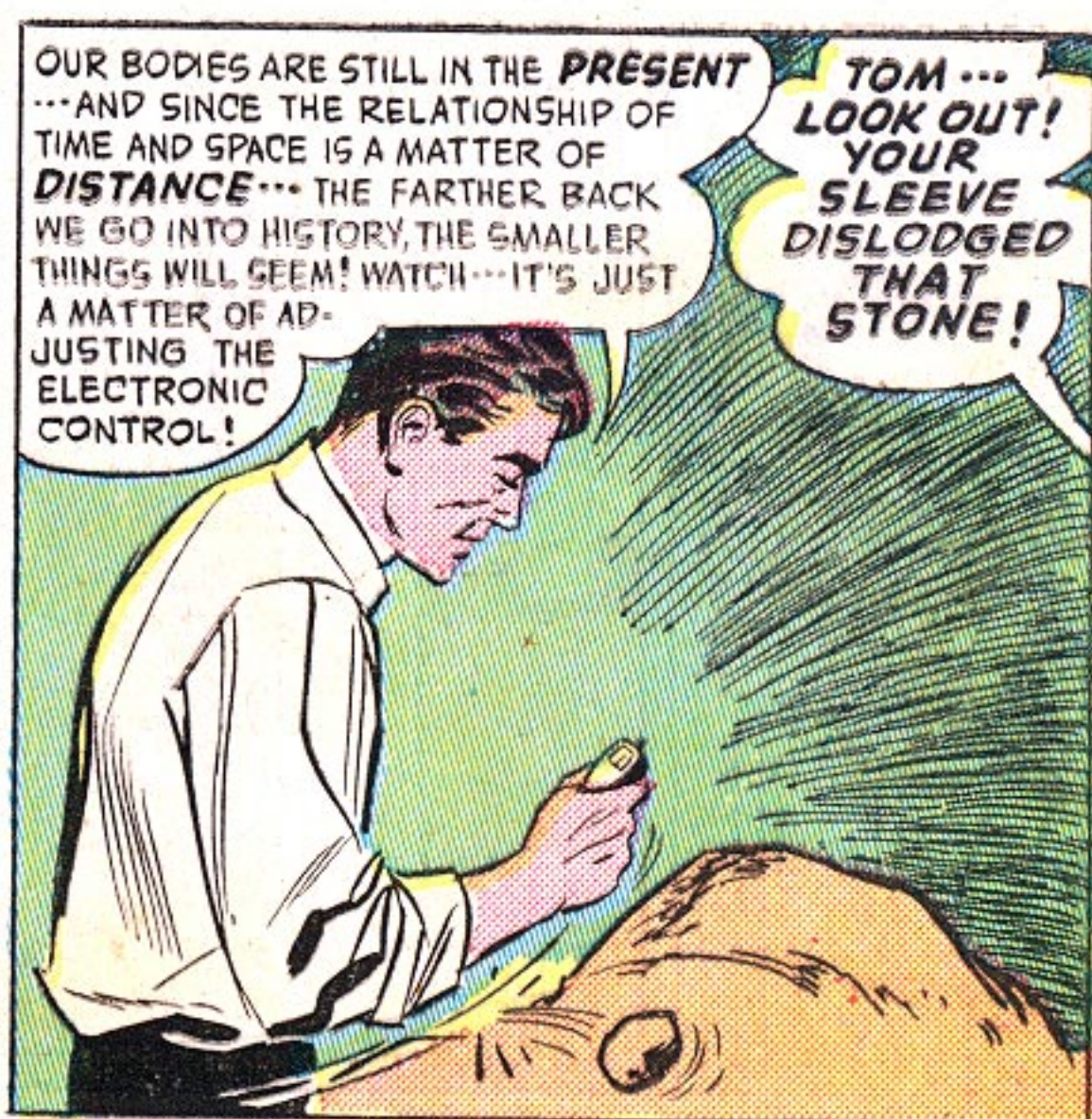






THIS MUST BE MU, TOM... BUT WHAT'S **WRONG?** IS IT REALLY A MIDGET METROPOLIS... OR DID OUR SPACE VOYAGE CHANGE US INTO GIANTS?

NEITHER, HONEY... IT'S JUST AN **ILLUSION OF TIME!**



OUR BODIES ARE STILL IN THE **PRESENT**... AND SINCE THE RELATIONSHIP OF TIME AND SPACE IS A MATTER OF **DISTANCE**... THE FARTHER BACK WE GO INTO HISTORY, THE SMALLER THINGS WILL SEEM! WATCH... IT'S JUST A MATTER OF ADJUSTING THE **ELECTRONIC CONTROL!**

TOM... **LOOK OUT! YOUR SLEEVE DISLODGED THAT STONE!**



THE FORT! DOZENS OF MAKARTA'S PERSONAL GUARD ARE DOOMED!

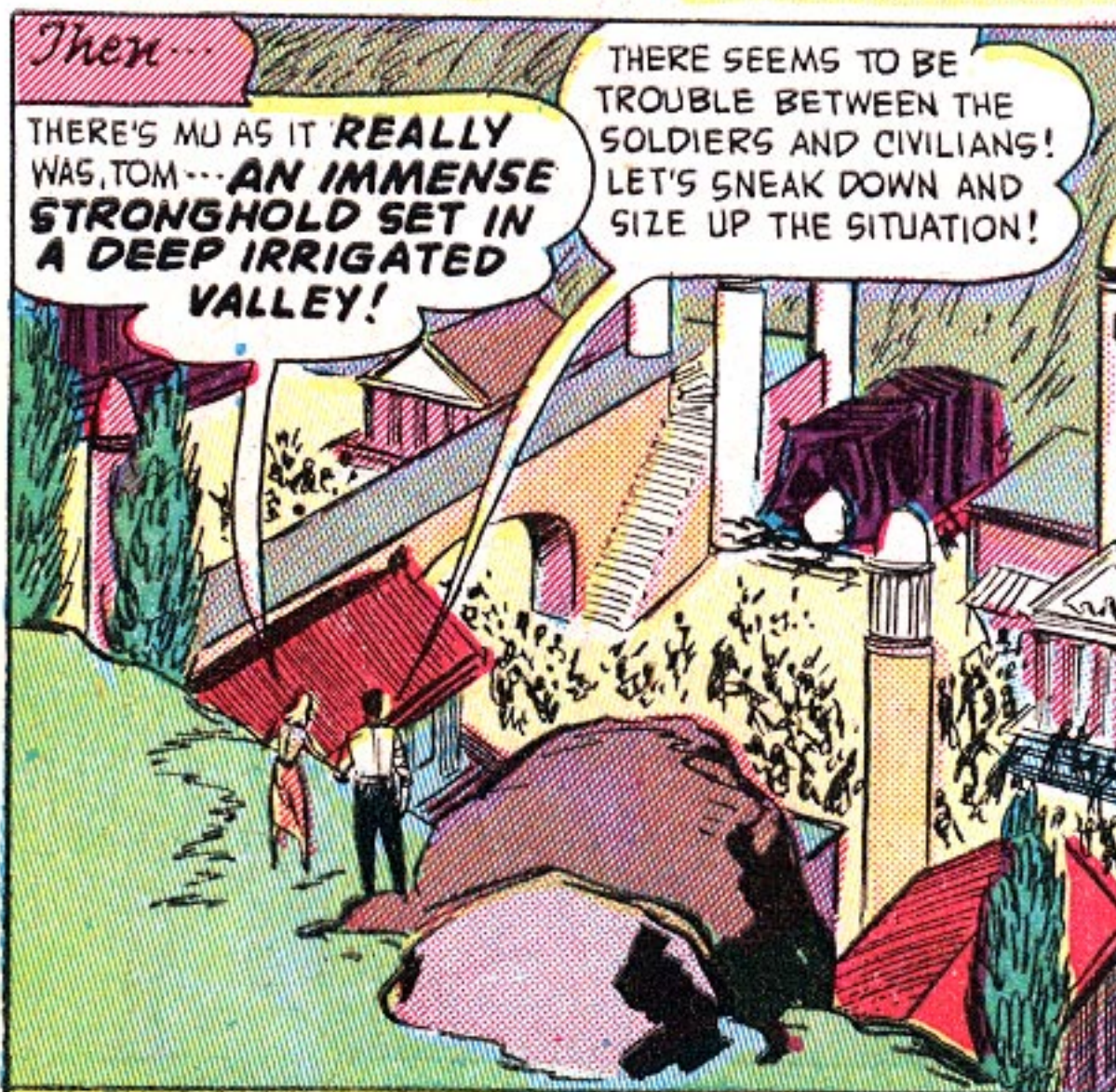
CRASH!



I KNOW IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT, TOM... BUT IT'S CAUSED A DISASTER THAT HAS THE ENTIRE CITY IN AN UPROAR!

EVEN A HEAVY FOOTSTEP MIGHT CAUSE AN EARTHQUAKE WHILE WE'RE **THIS** BIG! BEFORE WE DO ANOTHER THING... **WE'D BETTER REDUCE OUR SIZE TO THE DIMENSION OF MU!**

CRRRAK!



Then... THERE'S MU AS IT **REALLY** WAS, TOM... **AN IMMENSE STRONGHOLD SET IN A DEEP IRRIGATED VALLEY!**

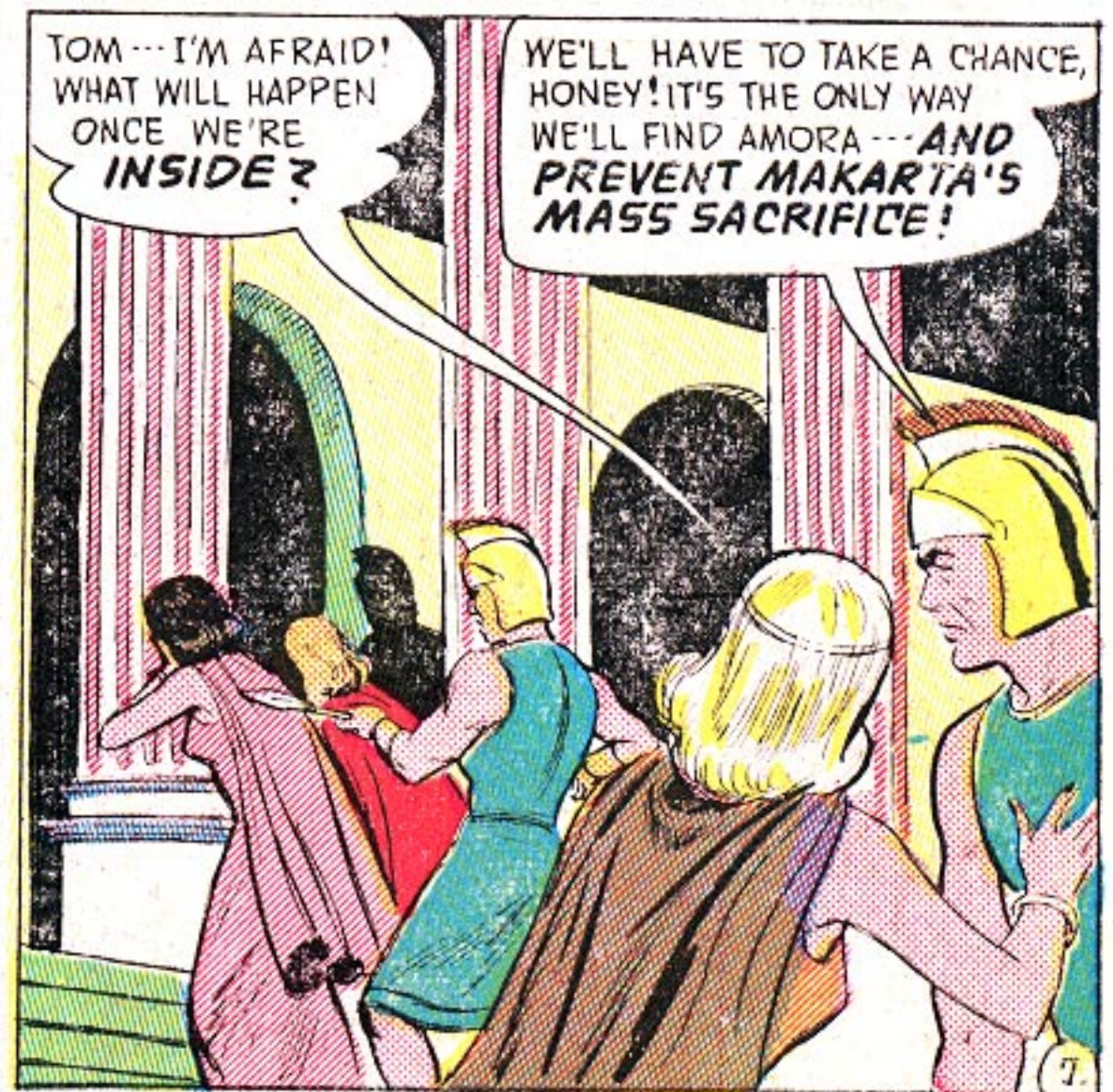
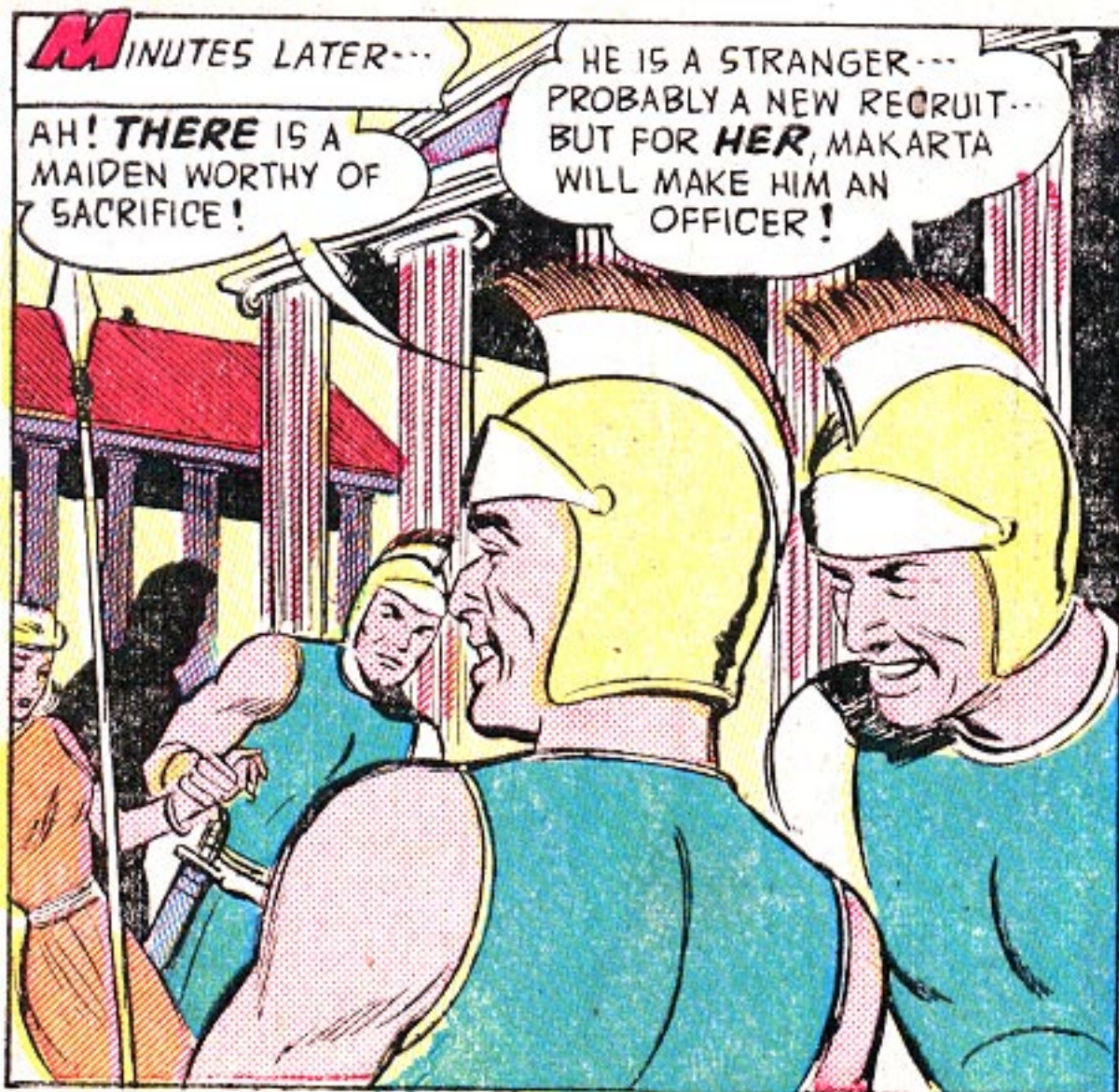
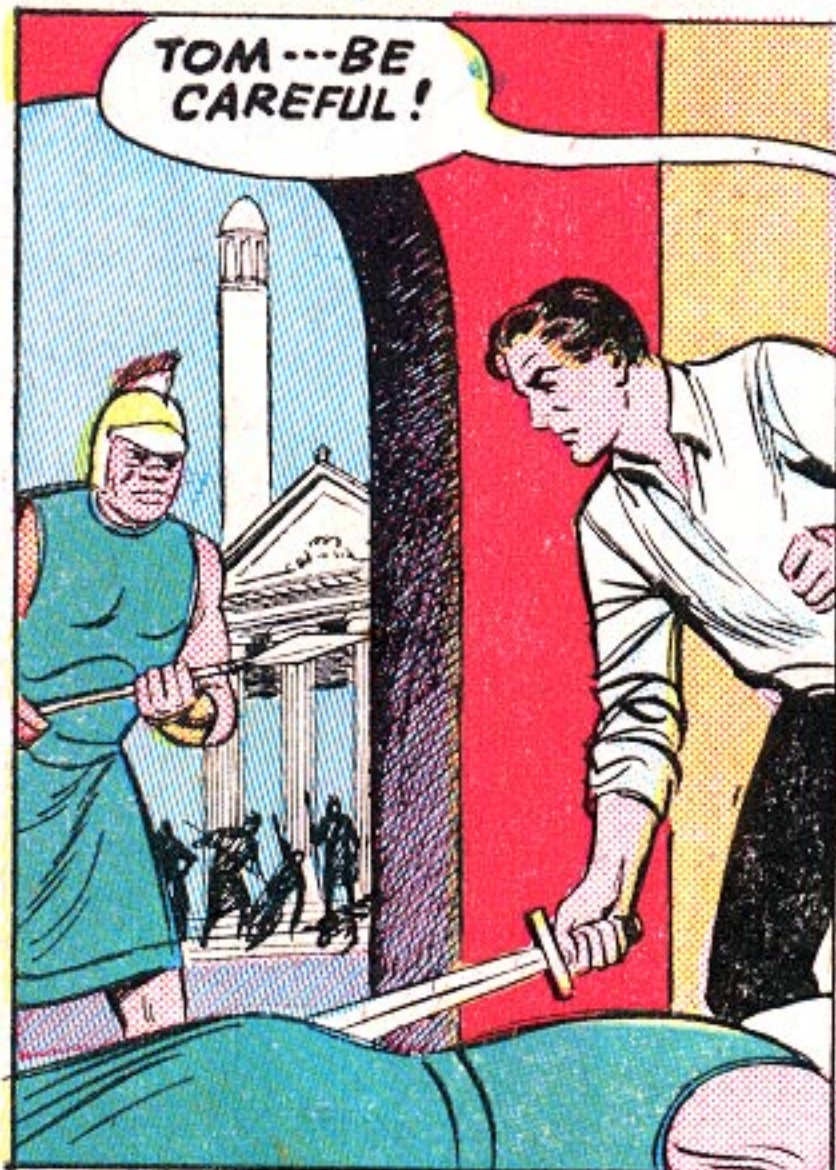
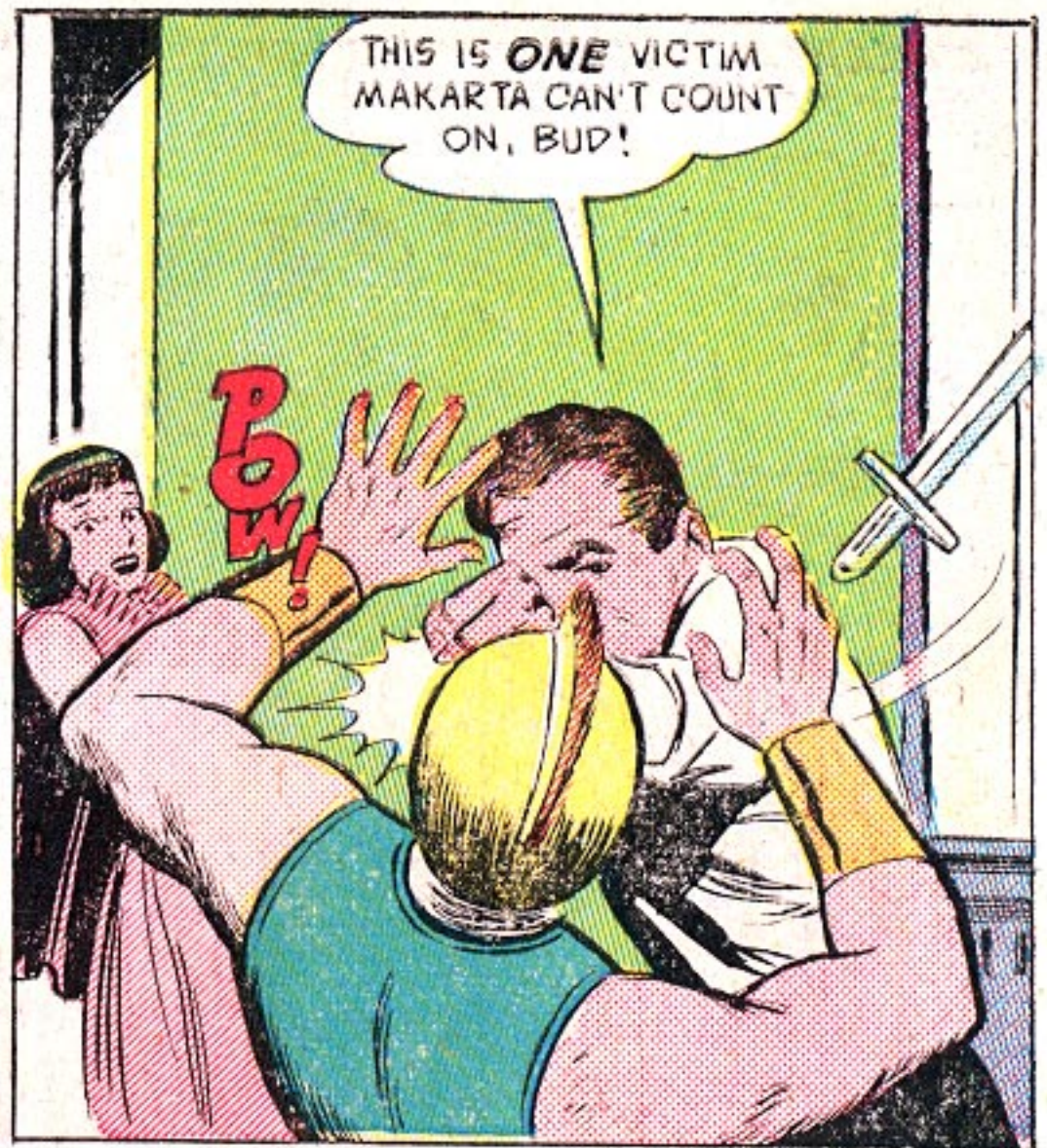
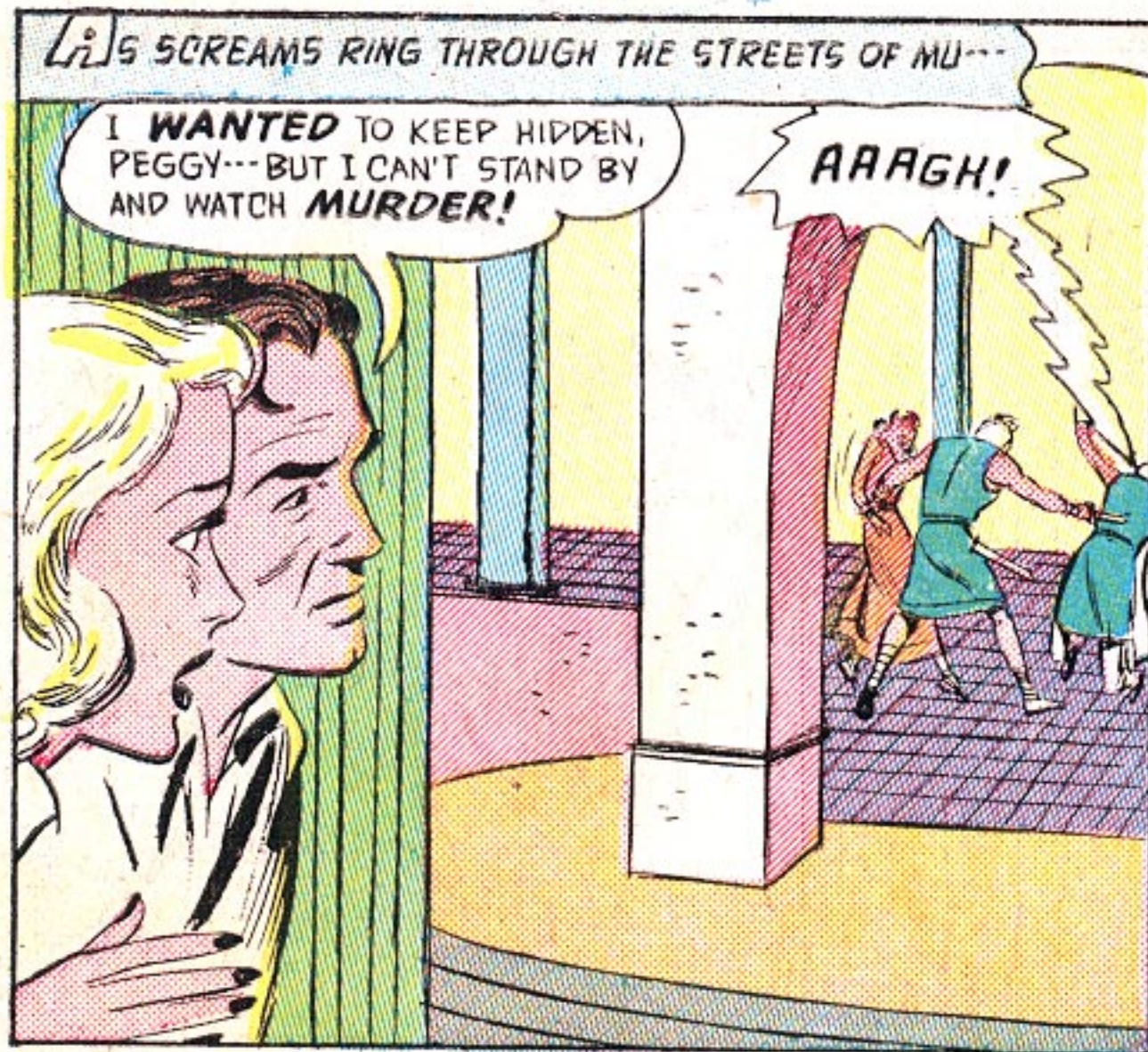
THERE SEEMS TO BE TROUBLE BETWEEN THE SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS! LET'S SNEAK DOWN AND SIZE UP THE SITUATION!

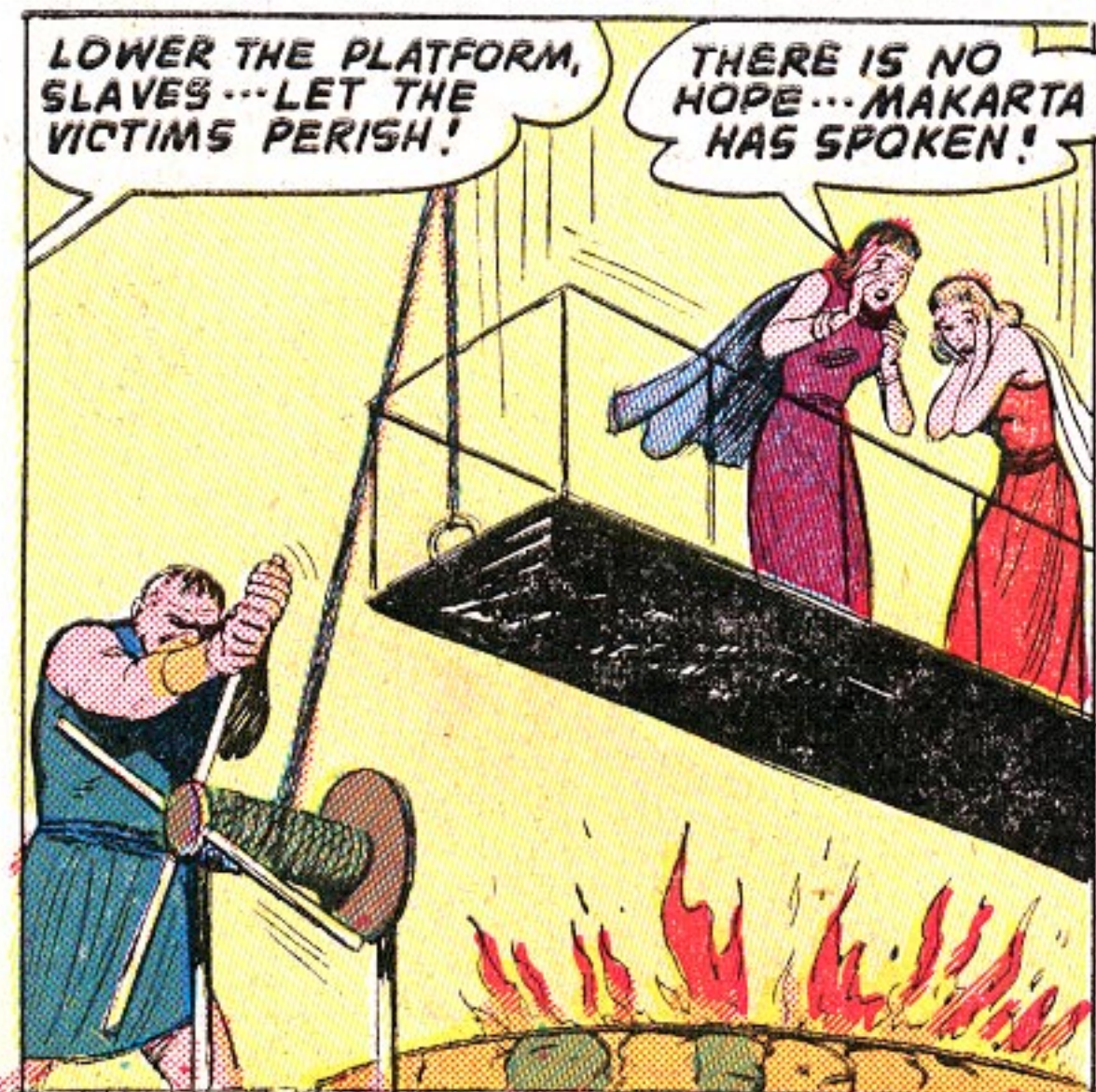
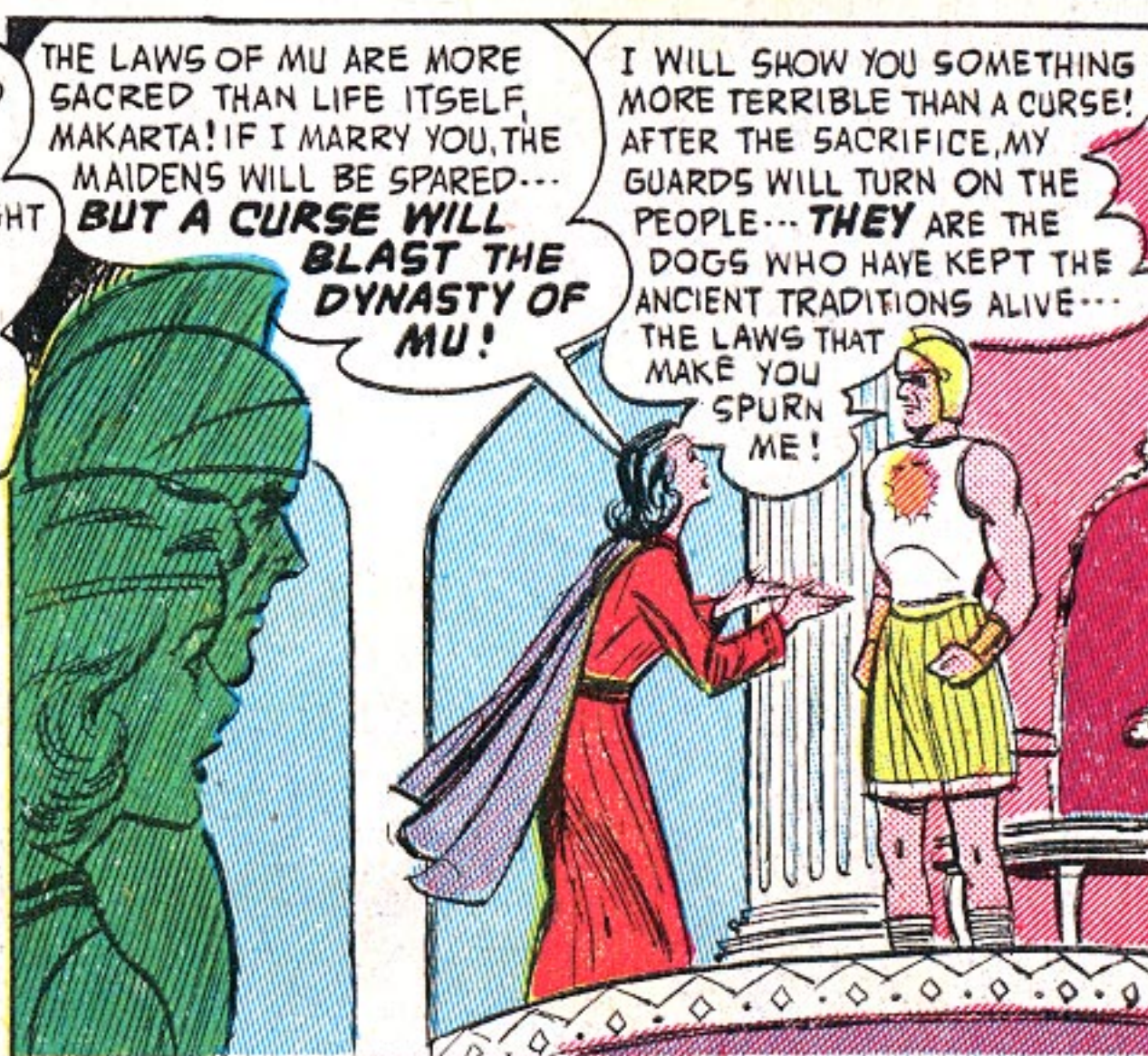


MINUTES LATER...

TYRANTS... LET THEM GO!

MAKARTA HIMSELF HAS ORDERED THE MAIDENS TO BE SACRIFICED ON THE PALACE ALTARS... **TO APPEASE THE GODS WHO DESTROYED THE FORT!**







SUDDENLY...

OH!

YOU CAME FROM THE FUTURE TO HELP AMORA... BUT I AM THE ONE WHO WILL BENEFIT!

A MAGIC DEVICE THAT CAN PRODUCE GIANTS SHOULD NOT BE WASTED ON **YOU!** NOW THE MAGIC IS IN **MY** HANDS --- NOW THERE WILL BE ONLY ONE GIANT IN MU... **MYSELF!**

YOU IDIOT... YOU'RE TURNING THE KNOB THE WRONG WAY! **THAT'S GOING TO START THE SPACESHIP TURBOJETS!**

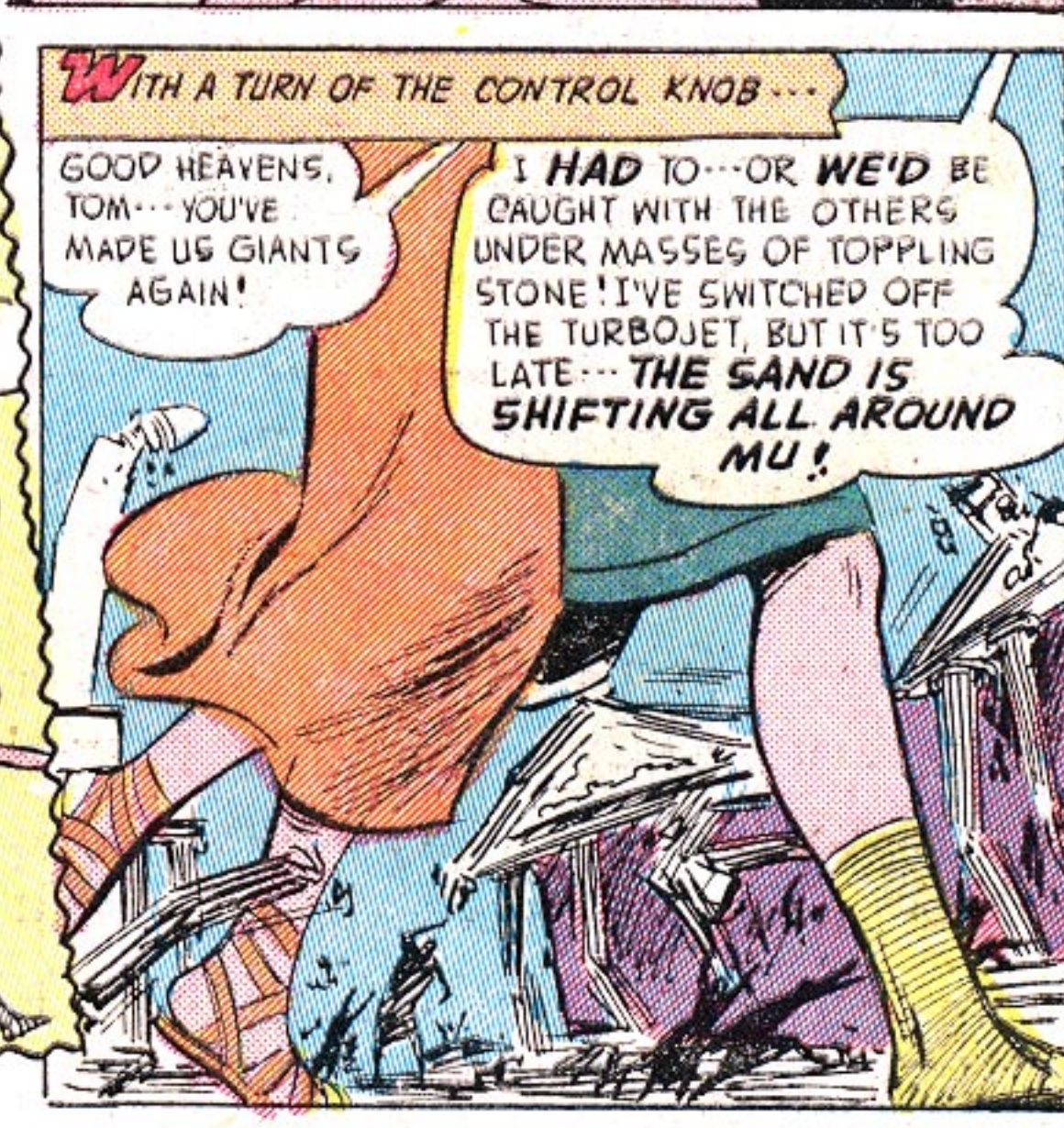


A SECOND LATER... AS MU ROCKS UNDER THE ROARING BLAST...

BARRROOM!

THE GODS ARE PUNISHING MAKARTA... WITH AN EARTH-QUAKE!

HEAD FOR THE ENTRANCE, PEGGY... FAST! I'VE GRABBED THE ELECTRONIC CONTROL FROM HIM!



WITH A TURN OF THE CONTROL KNOB...

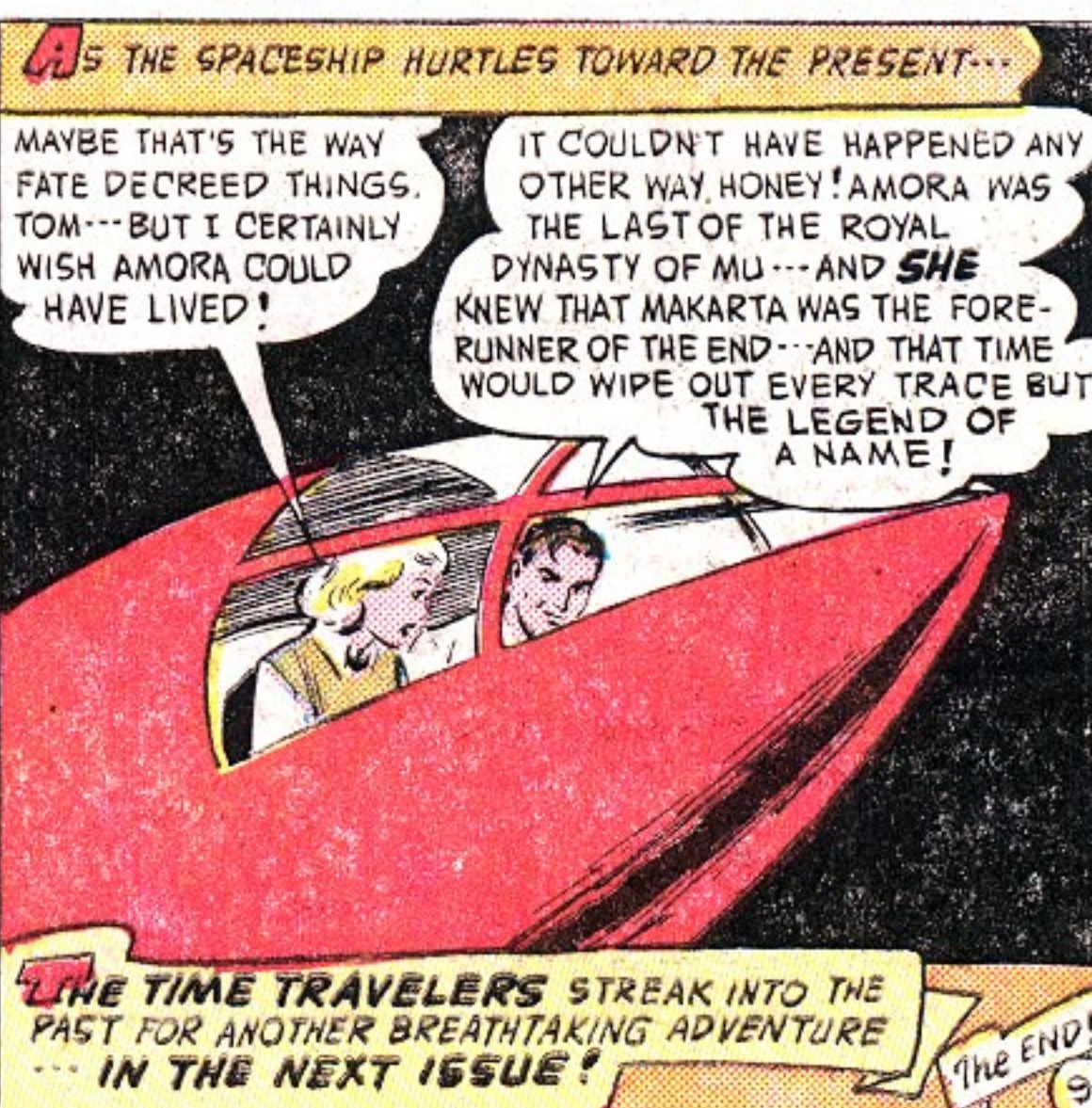
GOOD HEAVENS, TOM... YOU'VE MADE US GIANTS AGAIN!

I HAD TO... OR WE'D BE CAUGHT WITH THE OTHERS UNDER MASSES OF TOPPLING STONE! I'VE SWITCHED OFF THE TURBOJET, BUT IT'S TOO LATE... **THE SAND IS SHIFTING ALL AROUND MU!**



THERE IT GOES... **ENGULFING THE ENTIRE CITY!**

NO WONDER MU VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE... **IT WAS SWALLOWED UP BY THE DESERT!**



AS THE SPACESHIP HURTTLES TOWARD THE PRESENT...

MAYBE THAT'S THE WAY FATE DECREED THINGS, TOM... BUT I CERTAINLY WISH AMORA COULD HAVE LIVED!

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED ANY OTHER WAY, HONEY! AMORA WAS THE LAST OF THE ROYAL DYNASTY OF MU... AND **SHE** KNEW THAT MAKARTA WAS THE FORE-RUNNER OF THE END... AND THAT TIME WOULD WIPE OUT EVERY TRACE BUT THE LEGEND OF A NAME!

THE TIME TRAVELERS STREAK INTO THE PAST FOR ANOTHER BREATHTAKING ADVENTURE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END!

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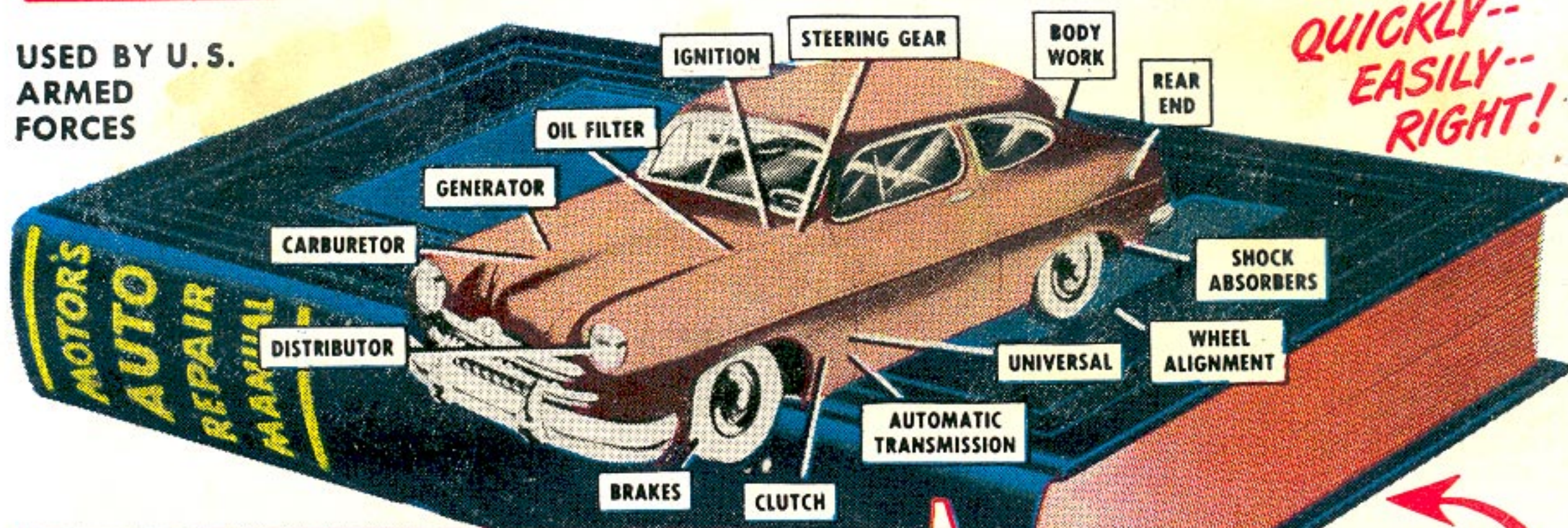
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